NOVEMBER

# The Children's Own Magazine



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

#### CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1924

Number 11 Helene Nyce

COVER DESIGN GREETING PAGE Hazel Frazee

THE JOLLY J'S .

Rose Waldo

ADVENTURE STORIES THE ADVENTURES OF BOUNCER . James J. Deehan Illustrations by Vernon Kirkbride

HEARTHSTONE TALES

IN MUSIC LAND Frontispiece THE MUSIC FAIRY

George H. Gartlan Illustrations by Mabel Betsy Hill

Drawing by Dorothy Henderson

Dixie Willson

IMAGINATION AND THE LITERATURE
OF CHILDHOOD . . . Padraio

THE MIST AND ALL Drawing by Dorothy Henderson TABITHA'S THANKFULNESS . Margaret Illustrations by Mildred Lyon Heatherington Margaret Warde

Illustrations by Donn P. Crane Padraic Colum OUR BOOK FRIENDS . . Avis Freeman Meigs

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

THE BOOK CARNIVAL Frances Cavanah

THANKSGIVING WONDERS Illustrations by Hazel Frazee

Illustrations by Hazel Frazee Frances Neale WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO . . Ruth Bradford Illustration by Milo Winter

OUTDOOR SPORTS

GRINDEM AND RISEM . . . Leroy F. Jackson THE ELEPHANT IN THE CINNAMON TREE CATCH ME, CADDY

KICKING BASEBALL . Dr. 1 Illustrations by L. Kate Deal Dr. Emmett Dunn Angell

Illustrations by R. J. Appel

THE TOYTOWN TATTLER . Alfred Wideman

**NURSERY NUGGETS** DREAM-FAIRY-DEAR AND THE

FEATHERED CHILDREN Anna Williams Arnett Illustrations by Ethel R. Cline

CARELESS CREATURES' COLUMN
CHRISTOPHER CROCODILE . Helen Cowles LeCron
Drawing by John Gee Curley

HAPPINESS HALL

THANKSGIVING . . . Margaret Munsterberg A BOY'S THANKS . . . Marjorie M. Le Fleur

MADGAR THE MERMAN . Mildred Plew Merryman Illustrations by Todros Geller

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

HISTORY HALL

INDOOR PASTIMES YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S TURKEY TRAIL CUT-OUT .

DR. FRANKLIN'S PARTY, PART II Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe Illustrations by Elhel R. Cline

. Elinor d'Albert PARENTS' PAGE Helen B. Paulsen JUST LIKE THIS . . . Bess Devine Jewell

JOY GIVERS' CLUB

THE PACK RAT OF TUOLUMNE Emma-Lindsay Squier Illustrations by Bert Elliott

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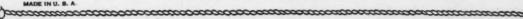


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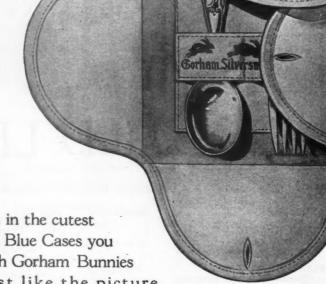






## I'M GOING TO ASK MY MOTHER

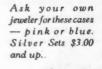
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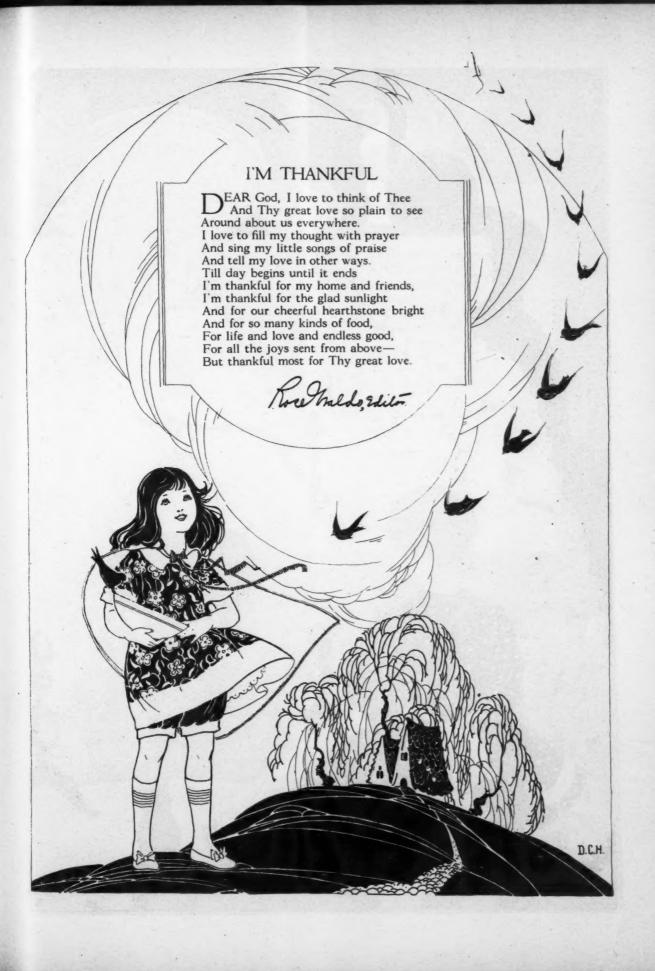


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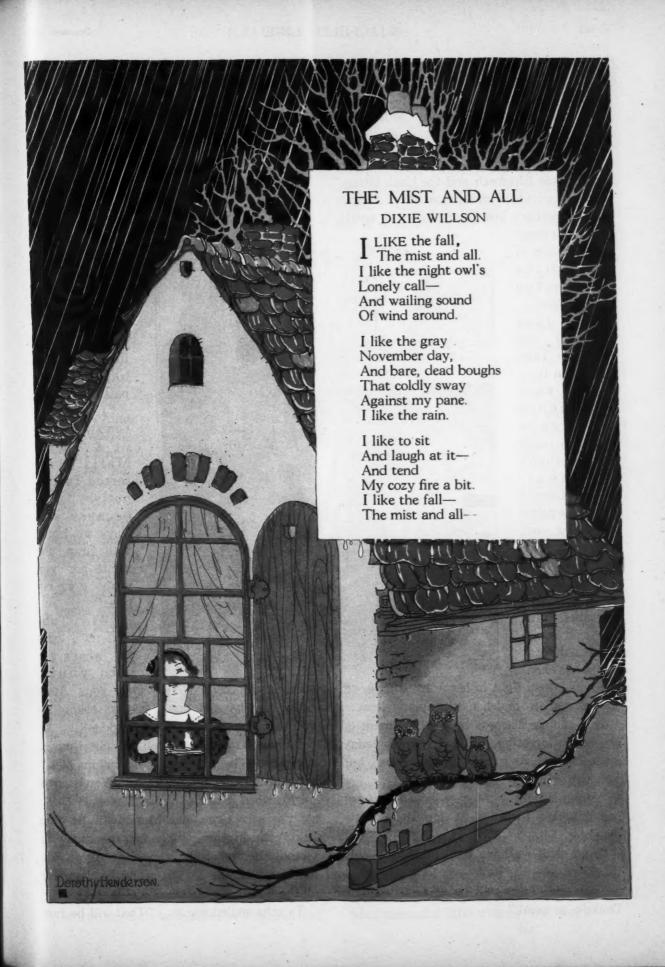
## GORHAM

Silversmiths to the Nursery









## TABITHA'S THANKFULNESS

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of the "Betty Wales" Series, the "Nancy Lee" Series, etc.

HERE! I've finished my letter F!
Now I can go and play with Doll
Jane Elizabeth and the black kitten."
Small Tabitha held up her cross-stitch sampler
for her mother's inspection, folded it neatly,

and laid it away in the drawer of the Martha Washington sewing-stand.

Doll Jane Elizabeth was asleep on Tabitha's own trundle-bed, which was hidden away during the day-time under her mother's high fourposter. Tabitha ran to the parlor chamber and. kneeling down by the big bed, groped about under its heavy curtains until herhand touched the dear rag baby. Then,

with dolly held tight in her arms, she ran off kitchenward to find her other play-fellow.

In a minute she was back, the pursuit of the kitten forgotten. "Mother, is Thursday week Thanksgiving Day? Susan says so, but I thought not."

"Susan is right." Mother looked up from her stitching to smile at her eager little daughter.

"And shall we have the dinner here this time?"

"No, the dinner will be at Grandmother Drake's, as usual."

"Oh, Mother!" sighed Tabitha forlornly. "Aunt Jane has had the dinner, and Uncle Seth and Uncle Thomas. I'm too little to remember, but you've told me. Is it never to be our turn?" she finished hopelessly.

"Grandmother is older
now and wants
her children and
her children's
children to come
to her each
time," explained
her mother
patiently.

"It's not Gran who cares, it's Aunt Maria," retorted Tabitha hotly. "Just because she stays at home with Gran, she wants her own way every time."

"Why, Tabbie, my little girl, what's got into you?"

soothed Mother. "You love your Aunt Maria dearly, and you're always asking to go to the farm. What in the world—"

"I wanted to—to— Well, for one thing I wanted to help make the pun'kin pies," explained Tabitha dolefully. "You said I might, when it was our turn."

"I'm sure Gran and Maria will let you help," said Mother. "You can ride out with Grandfather when he comes in to do his marketing on the Tuesday, and be there for all the Wednesday baking."

Tabitha smiled wanly. "That will be fun.



Shall I take my go-to-meeting dress in the hold-all, ready for the Thursday service? But still—" she grew mournful again—"I do want Thanksgiving here. I'd rather help you and Susan with the pies, and—and—besides—"

"You should think more of Thanksgiving meeting and less of dinner, Tabbie. You should strive to give your grandmother cause for thankfulness by going there, rather than

consult your own selfish wishes."

Tabitha considered a moment, "Couldn't Gran be thankful if she had to come here? Really, Mother, I think it's Aunt Maria wishing all the family to praise her cookery. Well, I shall tell them I can't feel thankful unless I am let to make pies. And there's another thing it seems to me I must have!" Tabitha waited to be asked what the

other thing was, but her mother, intent on finishing her seam before candle-lighting time, glanced absently at her little daughter and advised her to run out and play.

On Tuesday week—a sunny November afternoon—Tabitha, bonneted and cloaked, with Doll Jane Elizabeth tucked under one arm and a small, rose-embroidered hold-all clutched in the other hand, walked sedately across the village green to find Grandfather. He was ready and waiting.

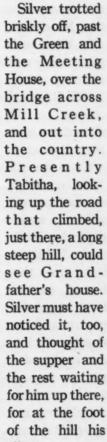
"Hop in, child, hop right in," he ordered. "Dark comes early now, and I've Rosebud and

her calf to milk before supper, you know."

"I wish you wouldn't call Queenie a calf," protested Tabitha, smoothing her skirts as she settled herself in the chaise beside Grandfather. "She's nine years old, same as I am."

Grandfather laughed and shook the reins over old Silver's back. "Gittap, Silver!" he called. "Got to bring this young lady and a keg of molasses for her pies safe home before

dark."





ambling trot broke into a gallop.

"Whoa, Silver!" called Grandfather. "Easy with that m'lasses! Whoa!"

But old Silver wanted his oats and his stall. Gallopy-gallop he went. Bumpity-bump went the chaise. Grandfather pulled at the lines. Tabitha clung to the side of the seat. And in behind, the molasses cask tipped and swayed, and then out over the back it went. The banging of it on the road brought old Silver back to a sense of his responsibilities; at last he whoaed and looked at them with what seemed a little whinny of apology.

Grandfather and Tabitha looked behind them; the molasses cask was rolling down the hill, bumpity-bumpity-bump. Just as it reached the bottom, it hit a big stone, bounced into the air, and came down with a whack that knocked the bottom out of the keg.

"Oh dear!" gasped Tabitha. "Couldn't we save some of it?"

But when Grandfather had turned Silver around and driven down the hill to see, he decided that the only thing to be done was to get more molasses in the morning.

"We'll not wait on James's

coming," said Grandmother. after breakfast next day. "Maria, you go at the pastry, while I make the turkey stuffing. Tabitha. bring me the bread pieces from the back pantry, and the sage-in the kitchen cupboardand an egg-I declare, the day's eggs haven't been

gathered. Would you get those, Tabitha?" "Yes, Gran," said Tabitha politely. "Only—

I did want to make me a saucer pie."

"I'll save you some pastry, child," Aunt Maria promised. "Let me see: is your favorite filling pumpkin or cranberry?"

Tabitha weighed the relative merits of the golden yellow pumpkin and the crimped-edged crimson cranberry, and could not decide.

"Why not make two saucer pies?" suggested Grandmother.

"Oh, could I?" cried Tabitha, and again

her pet, secret plan came into her mind. "But—I can't eat two pies, Grandmother," she said aloud. "We really need another child, don't we?"

Grandmother smiled down at her youngest grandchild. "Poor Tabbie! 'Tis a pity you've no brother nor sister, and all the cousins are grown up."

"I could be *much* more thankful tomorrow with another child," persisted Tabitha. "Just as Mother said you could be more thankful if we came here for the dinner."

"Well, you run get those eggs," ordered Grandmother laughingly, "or there'll be no dinner for anyone."

Tabitha ran. She liked hunting eggs

at Gran's, because you could always find plenty. With her basket full and her mind on saucer pies, she had started back across the road to the house, when along came Mary Ann Willis. Mary Ann's father was Grandfather's hired man. Like Tabitha, Mary

Ann was "nine, going on ten," but unlike her she was the middle child of a big family. At sight of her a wild plan took sudden shape in Tabitha's head.

"If I asked them first," she thought it out, "they'd say no. But if I invite her and she comes, they'll have to be polite. And then there'll be two children, and I can be so much more thankful!"

"Mary Ann," began Tabitha aloud, "how many children are there in your family?'

"Nine," said Mary Ann proudly, her little freckled face beaming. "We got a new



baby last month. You orter come 'n' see it."

Tabitha ignored the new baby. "You ask your mother," she ordered swiftly, "if she

can't spare one child out of her nine to come to Gran's dinner tomorrow. It's to make us more thankful. And if she says yes, you watch for us to get back from meeting, and then come right over."

"I guess she'll let me," said Mary Ann, and sped home to tell of the wonderful, yes, unbelievable, invitation to eat "turkey and fixin's" at the "big house."

In perfect contentment Tabitha crimped the pastry around her cranberry and beat her pumpkin filling to a beautiful frothy cream, just as Aunt Maria did for the big pies. "I wonder which Mary Ann'll take," she thought. "I'll let her choose."

"Want to make the letters for the big pun'kin?" asked Aunt Maria, who mistook Tabitha's happy silence for homesickness.

"Oh, yes!" cried Tabitha eagerly.

Aunt Maria gave her some strips of thinly-rolled pastry about an inch and a half wide, and Tabitha cut the letters. THANKS went easily, but Aunt Maria had to help with the G.

"Do you s'pose Mary Ann Willis ever saw a pie with Thanksgiving in letters on it?" asked Tabitha dreamily, as she surveyed the mammoth pumpkin, which, when half baked, had been slipped out of the brick oven to receive its decoration.

"I presume not," answered Aunt Maria unsuspiciously, as she shoved the pie back

into the big oven for its final browning. "Her mother's a lazy piece, and they've little to do with."

"I wish," began Tabitha bravely, and

then, being a cautious little person, she stopped. She had planned to ask Mother to let her invite another child to the dinner, but asking Gran or Aunt Maria was harder. It was

too hard!

By four o'clock the turkey was ready for the oven, and the pies were out of it: dozens of them in imposing array on the pantry shelf.

"Want a turkey wing, Tabitha?" asked Aunt Maria. "He was a white bird, you know."

"I'll give you a bit of turkey-red to stitch over the end," put in Grandmother. "Then you'll have a fine whisk."

"Could I have two wings and two bits of turkey-red?" asked Tabitha. "I might want to make two presents to somebody."

That evening, while Grandfather snoozed in his wing chair and Gran and Aunt Maria planned for the serving of the dinner, Tabitha stitched away at the turkey wings, one for her mother, and one, she hoped, for Mary Ann's.

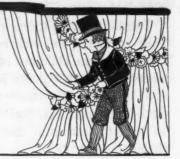
At meeting next morning Tabitha sat very still in her place between Gran and Aunt

(Continued on page 694)



## THANKSGIVING WONDERS

By FRANCES CAVANAH



#### CHARACTERS

JUANITA, an everyday girl in everyday clothes.

JIMMY, her cousin and guest.

UNCLE JOE, doll maker and children's friend. He is rather old and wrinkled and wears an artist's smock.

ASENATH, an ancient Egyptian doll, in sandals and a plain, straight, chemise-like garment, rather full, with long, loose sleeves. Over this she wears a large piece of green cloth, rectangular in shape. This is draped under the arms, crossed behind and brought over the shoulders to be tied in front. On her head she wears another rectangular piece of cloth, held in place by a band around the head.

HERA, a Grecian doll, wears a white, full robe, draped and fastened on one or both shoulders. A long white cord (a clothesline will serve) is fastened at the back of the neck, crossed in front and again in the back before being tied around the waist. The ends are frayed to form tassels. She wears her hair in a psyche knot, with one or two narrow white bands around her head.

POMPIUS, a Roman boy doll, in a white toga with a wide band of purple around the edge. This toga is a long, broad piece of cloth, semi-circular in shape, worn over a short skirt, reaching to the knees.

REBECCA, a doll of ancient Jerusalem, wears a loose, full, chemiselike garment, and over this a wide, scarlet sash and loose sleeveless coat the same color. Over her flowing hair she wears a veil.

HARRY and WILLIAM, two English dolls of 1789. They wear long, tight-fitting trousers, short tight coats reaching to the waists, high vests and winged collars.

DEBORAH, a Pilgrim doll, in plain gray dress, with white apron, kerchief and cap.

THORNTON, a boy doll of 1863, wears tight-fitting trousers, heavy boots, high hat and short, tight coat.

Scene: The workshop of the old doll-maker the day before Thanksgiving. At extreme right is a work table with a long bench beside it. The door into the hall is at left; the door into the closet at back, at right; and a window with heavy draperies at back, left. Near the closet door is a large box, standing upright. An Egyptian doll lies on the long bench, and Uncle Joe is arranging her hair when Jimmy and Juanita enter.

UNCLE JOE (shaking hands): So this is your cousin who's come to spend Thanksgiving with you! Are you helping Juanita with her booth, Jimmy?

JIMMY: I'll say I am. Nita told me that you're to have the surprise act of the show that comes afterwards.

JUANITA (pouting): Yes, and he won't tell us what it is.

UNCLE JOE: You mustn't give up so soon, Nita. I reckon I can show you the dolls anyway.

JUANITA: Oh, Jimmy, the dolls that Uncle Joe makes are just wonderful. They can walk, if you wind them, and even dance.

UNCLE JOE: Yes, Juanita, and sometimes I love my old dolls so I have a notion they can remember.

JIMMY: I don't see how.

JUANITA (seeing the Egyptian doll on the bench): Oh, Uncle Joe, is this one of the dolls you've made for the bargar?

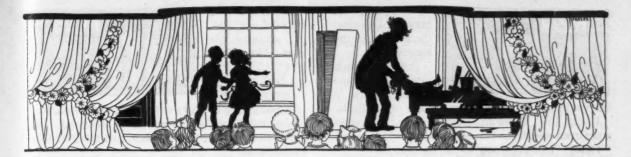
UNCLE JOE: Yes, that's Asenath, copied after a little Egyptian girl who lived centuries ago upon the Nile.

JUANITA: I wonder what she's remembering. Uncle Joe.

JIMMY (blissfully): A thanksgiving, maybe, with turkey and—

JUANITA: Don't be silly, Jimmy. The Egyptians didn't have Thanksgiving—(Suddenly Asenath begins to shake.) Why, Uncle Joe, Asenath is—is trembling.





about the Egyptians never having thanksgiving.

JIMMY: Why, did they? (Uncle Joe nods.) I always thought the Pilgrims started it.

UNCLE JOE (Winding up the doll): They did—the American Thanksgiving. But harvest festivals and feasts like our Thanksgiving dinners were held many years before the Pilgrims saw America. The Egyptian festival—

JUANITA: Oh, tell us about it, please.

UNCLE JOE: I guess Asenath will do that for you. [He stands the doll on the floor and places some fruit in her arms. She walks with slow, machine-like movements and speaks in quick jerky syllables.]

ASENATH: I go even now to make my offerings to Isis, the Holy Mother.

JIMMY: Well, who's Isis?

ASENATH: She is earth, she is nature, she is queen of all the gods. (*Pointing*) There stands her altar.

JIMMY: Altar! That doll can talk but she doesn't know what she's saying. That's just the window sill.

ASENATH: Now that our harvests have been gathered I make this offering to Isis who was their protector.

[UNCLE JOE helps her kneel before the window and she places her fruit upon the sill. Then she dances with quick, jerky movements before the make-believe shrine, to the music of "Egyptian Ballet" by Luigini.]

UNCLE JOE: Wait a minute, Asenath. You need oiling.

[He pretends to oil her knee and ankle joints and the dance becomes freer and more graceful. As the music dies away she prostrates herself before the shrine.] Jimmy, she won't. Uncle Joe's dolls are unbreakable.
JIMMY: Can all your dolls remember that way?

UNCLE JOE: Most of them, particularly this time of year. There isn't so much to see in November. The cheery part of autumn is gone and Christmas isn't here yet. Then, of course, around Thanksgiving time folks—and dolls, too, I guess—begin to remember things to be thankful for.

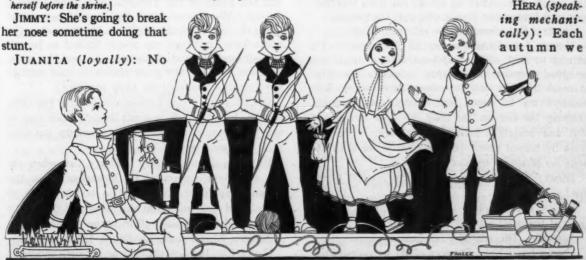
JIMMY: But what I can't quite get, Uncle Joe, is how the dolls remember things that happened whole ages ago when you just made them.

UNCLE JOE: (chuckling) I guess I can tell 'em right smart about themselves while I'm making them, can't I?

JUANITA: Is our Thanksgiving anything like the Egyptians' autumn festival?

UNCLE JOE: I reckon that's where the Pilgrims got their idea of giving thanks for crops—from them and the Greeks and Romans. (Entering the closet.) I guess you'll want to see Pompius and Hera next. (There is a whirring sound from the closet as though he is winding the dolls.) Well, Pompius, I see that your right knee is hitching again. That's no way for a loyal Roman's knee to act. (Calling to the children.) I guess that's one reason we have our Thanksgiving in the autumn—because the Greeks and Romans did.

[Now HERA and POMPIUS walk stiffly into the room, the Greek girl holding a vase on her shoulder and the Roman boy carrying fruits and garlands of flowers. The music for this episode is "Melodie" from Christoph Willibald von Gluck's opera "Orpheus and Eurydice."





hold a feast in honor of Demeter, the goddess of the harvest.

Pompius: Each year the loyal Romans have a

festival in honor of Ceres, the goddess of the fields.
UNCLE JOE: Ceres and Demeter were the Roman and Greek names for the same goddess.

HERA: I go even now to the banquet table.

JIMMY: Will you have turkey?

Pompius: I take these garlands to crown our household gods. Then I shall join other Romans in long processions to the fields to picnic all the day.

JUANITA: Oh, Uncle Joe, I have an idea. Let's pretend that your dolls are children who really lived in the times and countries they represent. Then we can give a reward to the one whose age and land has influenced our own Thanksgiving most.

UNCLE JOE: (walking Hera and Pompius over to the long bench and seating them at one end): That's an idea for you now. You bring Asenath over and set her on

the bench, too. After we get all the dolls together, you and Jimmy can decide who gets the reward.

JIMMY: But where will we get the reward?

UNCLE JOE: (disappearing in the closet): I'll attend to that. (He reappears with a small box wrapped in white tissue paper. Juanita has lifted Asenath from the floor but cannot carry her.) You mustn't try to carry that heavy doll, Juanita. (Laying the box on the table, he goes over to the doll and presses a button in her back.) She can walk by herself now. (Guiding her to the bench he seats her between Pompius and Hera.)

JIMMY: Can't we even *peep* at the reward, Uncle Joe?

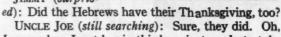
UNCLE JOE (laughing): No, but you can have a peep at the prettiest doll I ever made.

JUANITA: Oh, one of your dancing dolls?

UNCLE JOE: Yes. Rebecca of old Jerusalem's her

name. (Scratching his head and looking around the room.) Now where was it that I left her?

JIMMY (surpris-



I remember, I put her in this box, just ready to take to the bazaar.

[He goes to the large box standing against the wall, takes off the lid, winds the doll and

lid, winds the doll and REBECCA walks into the room.]

JUANITA: Isn't she beautiful! May I touch her just once?

UNCLE JOE:
Bless your heart,
of course, you may.
If you want to ask
her a question, just
wind that little
handle in her back
and she'll answer
you.

JUANITA (eagerly as she winds): Rebecca, won't you tell us about your Thanksgiving?

REBECCA (as the strains of "Hebrew Melody" by Joseph Achron are heard in the distance): The ancient Jews had many feasts—the Feast of the Ingathering when we offered the first fruits to Jehovah

and the Feast of the Tabernacles. Then I was a dancer. We feasted when the harvest began and when the harvest had ended. In October when the fruits were ingathered my people flocked to Jerusalem—thousands and thousands—to see the great pageants, to hear the great choirs, to take part in the—great—(Suddenly she stops speaking.)

UNCLE JOE: I don't guess you wound her tight enough, Juanita. (As he winds the doll) Dolls may be able to remember without being wound up, but they can't talk without it. You see—

REBECCA (beginning very suddenly, just where she left off):—celebration. In Jerusalem when the houses were filled, they lived in booths made of branches of olive and palm and decorated them with flowers and with fruits—all in praise of Jehovah.

JIMMY: May I make her dance, Uncle Joe?
UNCLE JOE: Just pull the lever on her right shoulder.





IJIMMY does, and REBECCA gives a pretty though rather jerky dance. UNCLE JOE walks her to the bench and seats her at the end farthest from the other dolls.]

UNCLE JOE

(to the children): From the Feast of the Tabernacles our Thanksgiving derives its spirit of charity and from the English feast—I guess I must have left those English dolls in that big box in the hall. (As he exits.) Don't be surprised when you see them. They can

JIMMY: Do you suppose they really can, Nita? He must be a wizard.

T1492.

JUANITA (decidedly): Well, he may be half wizard, but then he's half angel, too.

iTwo English dolls run in very stiffly, carrying their bows and arrows and followed by UNCLE JOE. For music use one of the dances from "Henry VIII" by Edward German or any other English folk or Morris dance.]

HARRY (good-naturedly): Now, William, here's a chance to prove your skill at archery. We'll let our arrows fly at that strange little button in the wall.

JIMMY: That isn't a button. That's the electric switch.

WILLIAM: All right. One shot to prove my markmanship and we'll join the others in the dining hall.

[They stop suddenly, as though run down. UNCLE JOE winds them again and seats them, one on either side of REBECCA, as he turns to the children.]

UNCLE JOE: These two English dolls are patterned after the boys of 1789. They observed the first Thursday of November as their Thanksgiving and celebrated with feasting and archery and games. That is why we have sports and merry making.

JUANITA: Uncle Joe, you haven't shown us the most important doll of all. From the Pilgrims we have learned thankfulness and praise, but we haven't seen a Prudence or a Deborah.

UNCLE JOE: I have a Deborah to show you and another boy doll, too. But he will introduce himself.

JIMMY: Now I know you're teasing us.

UNCLE JOE: You'll find out for yourself. These dolls are the most wonderful of all. They can carry on a conversation.



JIMMY (his eyes wide:) Well, let's see them.

TUNCLE JOE pulls aside the draperies at one side of the window, revealing DEBORAH, and the draperies at the other side, showing THORNTON. Pressing the buttons in their backs, he guides them toward each other, places DEBORAH'S hand in THRONTON'S, and the dolls advance together to the center of the stage.

JIMMY: Say, Nita, that boy looks like a Civil War doll to me.

THORNTON (bowing stiffly when UNCLE JOE presses the lever in his shoulder): This is Deborah, a maiden of America's first Thanksgiving day. I am Thornton, a boy of 1863 and a cousin of Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale.

JIMMY: Who's she?

DEBORAH: Fie upon thee, James, not to know the name of thy great countrywoman.

JUANITA (seating DEBORAH on the bench beside WIL-LIAM): Uncle Joe, I bet you didn't make this cunning little bag of Deborah's.

UNCLE JOE (trying to tease): No, she did. JUANITA: But the stitches are so neat.

DEBORAH: No more neat than thine, I vow.

UNCLE JOE: I'm afraid the 1924 children are not so careful as *your* playmates, Deborah.

JIMMY: No, but we have a lot more fun.

DEBORAH: Methinks not, James. Thou should'st have seen our feast that first Thanksgiving day. The winter before there had not been enough to eat and many of our friends had starved. Then when the harvests were bountiful we feasted with our Indian friends three days and gave thanks for God's mercy. The men had shot wild turkeys—

JIMMY (with enthusiasm): Say, I hope Uncle Joe let's you have that reward.

DEBORAH: Thornton, of whose distinguished cousin you have never heard, (just watch Jimmy squirm!) is also deserving of a reward.





LEROY F. JACKSON

GRINDEM will come from the west, my child, And Risem will come from the east,

And Grindem will carry a mixing of flour

And Risem a package of yeast,

And they'll bake us some cinnamon rolls, my child,

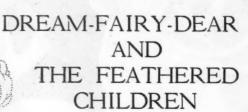
And doughnuts with beautiful holes, my child, And we'll have a most wonderful feast.

## THE ELEPHANT IN THE CINNAMON TREE

LEROY F. JACKSON

AWAY down south by the Southern Sea An elephant sits in a cinnamon tree. He's a thousand miles from the nearest town, He can't get up and he can't get down, So that's the reason, you must agree, The elephant sits in the cinnamon tree.





By ANNA WILLIAMS ARNETT

ANOTHER evening when the sun was saying, "Good night," and the beautiful moon came riding through the sky, Dream-Fairy-Dear stepped into her airship and sailed over the winding brooks and the golden meadows.

By and by she came to a robin's nest where four fluffy little robins lived.

"Peep-peep, peep-peep, where are you going in your airship, Dream-Fairy-Dear?" chirped the four fluffy little robins.

"I am going to the Land of Dreams where cats never prowl, where there are plenty of nice, fat worms and baby robins may eat and eat and eat," said Dream-Fairy-Dear."

Then the four, fluffy little robins chirped, "Peeppeep, peep-peep,

please, Dream-Fairy-Dear, take us with you in your airship. We want to go where cats never prowl, where there are plenty of nice, fat worms and we may eat and eat and eat."

Dream-Fairy-Dear smiled and said, "You may go with me, you four, fluffy little robins, if you will shut your eyes."

So the four, fluffy little robins shut their eyes.

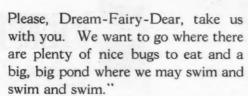
Then Dream-Fairy-Dear lifted them into her airship. They cuddled down close together and chirped, "Peeppeep, peep-peep," while on and on they sailed.

By and by they came to the grassy home of two little downy ducks with darling curly tails.

"Quack, quack! Quack, quack! Where are you going, Dream-Fairy-Dear?" quacked the two little downy ducks.

"I am going to the Land of Dreams where there are plenty of nice bugs to eat and a big, big pond where ducklets may swim, and swim and swim."

"Quack, quack! Quack, quack!



Dream-Fairy-Dear smiled and said, "You may go with me, you two little downy ducks, if you will shut your eyes."

So the two little downy ducks shut their eyes.

Then Dream-Fairy-Dear lifted them into her airship. They cuddled down close together and very softly said, "Quack, quack, quack, quack!" while on and on they sailed.

By and by they came to the home of three soft, squeezy little chickens.

Their mother was calling, "Cluck, cluck! Come, my babies, get under my wing."

When they saw Dream-Fairy-Dear, they said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep! Where are you going, Dream-Fairy-Dear?"

And Dream-Fairy-Dear answered, "I am going where there are plenty of crumbs and nice wet sand where soft, squeezy little chickens may scratch and scratch and scratch."

"Cheep, cheep, please, Dream-Fairy-Dear, take us with you. We want to go where there are plenty of crumbs and nice, wet sand where we may scratch and scratch and scratch."

Dream-Fairy-Dear smiled and said, "You may go with me, you soft, squeezy little chickens, if you will shut your eyes."

So the three little chickens shut their eyes.

Then Dream-Fairy-Dear lifted them into her airship. They cuddled down close together and said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep," while on and on they sailed.

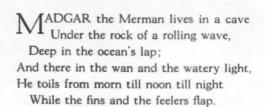
By and by they came to the Land of Dreams.

The four fluffy little robins found plenty of nice, fat worms, and ate and ate and ate.

The two downy ducks found plenty of nice bugs to eat and a big, big pond where they swam and swam and swam.

The three squeezy chickens found plenty of crumbs to eat, and nice, wet sand and scratched and scratched and scratched.

scratched.
So they stayed and ate and swam and scratched in the Land of Dreams All Night Long.

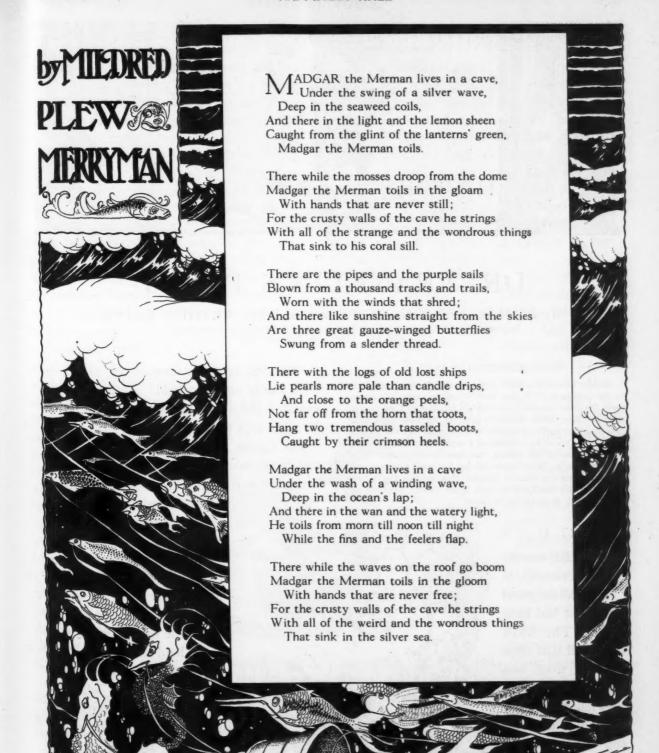


There while the waves on the roof go boom,
Madgar the Merman toils in the gloom
With hands that are never free,
For the crusty walls of the cave he strings
With all of the weird and the wondrous things
That sink in the silver sea.

There are the hats with the humped-up brims,
And the crumpled bits of rainbow rims,
That sank in a summer squall,
And one gold watch that still can tick
And one little frisky fiddlestick
Swing from the moss green wall.

There with the knives and the broken bells,
The coins and the cups and the curly shells,
The ropes and the tattered flags,
Hang rows of little used-up moons,
Like empty, yellow, pricked balloons,
Pinned to the popcorn bags.

There with the chains and the jewelled rings
And all of the lovely lady things,
Lost when the wind went wrong,
Tied with a wisp of sea fern gray,
Hang five little pails that one fine day
Sat on the sand too long.





### DR. FRANKLIN'S PARTY

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Author of "A Cavalier Maid," "Diantha's Quest," "The Luck of Denewood." "Girls of '64," "The Lucky Sixpence," etc.

#### WHAT HAPPENED IN PART I

Jennifer Clarke and Sally Ann Sutton, two little girls living in the Jerseys in 1776, find their friends in eager talk over a party the town planned to have on the birthday of King George. It is not long before Jennifer's brothers, Nicholas and Enoch, rush into their mother's kitchen with the news that the children of the town are to be notables at a mock court and that their sister, because of her beauty, has been chosen queen. But, to their surprise, their Quaker mother has small patience with the honor that has befallen Jennifer, thinking that the flattery would turn her head. Even their father cannot persuade her to allow their daughter to be Queen.

"Wouldst have her unmaidenly, puffed up with vanity and over-bold? Scarce can you expect aught else if you set her up in public for all to gape at."

Mr. Clarke, slow of thought and speech, had found no answer to his wife, and stood beside her as if tongue-tied, looking forth from

> the window over their pleasant home plot, when they saw their little daughter turning at the garden gate. There was something light and graceful in the slender figure that held the eye as she skipped from flower to flower, and when at last she entered the door they were watching her as if they never had seen her before. Each of them was picturing her as Queen.

"The boys have told you!" Jennifer said. "Oh, Mother, at first

#### PART II

ERE was the downfall of all the grand plans that had been made. The boys knew well that their mother's word was their law, and their faces fell, as did their father's, when she said she would not allow Jennifer to act as queen.

"Eh now! What harm is there in wishing all to admire my pretty?" Mr. Clarke exclaimed.



I liked it not at all! I dreaded lest before such a crowd as will be abroad on the King's birthday I might fall into a panic and perchance burst into tears to shame my family. But when it was explained to me that it was hoped on that day to heal the ill-feeling that hath been rife in the town and to bring all to loyalty to the king, I dared not refuse because

I knew that you would wish me to do aught that lieth in the power of a little maid to bring about peace."

No one answered this; the boys and their father because she was, all unknowing, pleading their cause so much better than they could plead it, and her mother because this was a view of the matter which had not occurred to her.

"And so," Jennifer went on, "1 said I would be the queen. still my heart misgave me, till now, passing through the garden, I saw all your flowerbeds. Why, mother, and you let me take all the blooms I want I'se warrant no one will even see Jennifer Clarke, they'll be so busy looking at the

King's Birthday posies." She smiled shyly.

"Thou shalt have every bud and blossom there," her mother assured her, and the little girl clapped her hands in glee and ran out of the house.

"I must tell Sally Ann," she called over her shoulder. "I knew not if I dared say you would give the flowers, yet no one else hath half so brave a show."

Left behind Mistress Clarke looked at her husband and her two sons.

"To the pure in heart all things are pure," she said: "See to it that she hath no hint from

you of your unworthy pride, or my still more unworthy doubts."

For a moment there was silence, then Enoch, who was ever for direct words, spoke:

"What I want to know," he asked anxiously, "is, if Jennifer is queen can we be lords? Or do you think it will make us too proud?"

Enoch's sturdy forthrightness seldom failed

to a muse his mother, so now she answered him gravely, but with a twinkle in her eye:

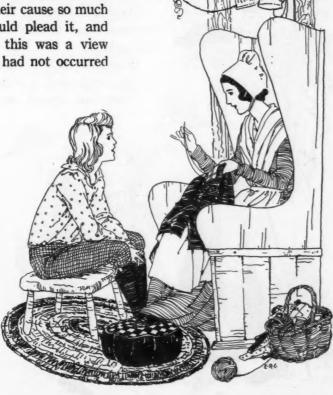
"You may be lords or dukes or princes for all of me. And if perchance either of you think he is elevated to that rank because of his rare beauty, he'll find a cure for his vanity if he looketh at his image in his father's shaving-mirror."

Thus the matter was settled, and little Jennifer Clarke made a very lovely and gracious small queen on the birth-

day of his British Majesty, King George the Third, celebrated at Princeton, in his royal and loyal Province of New Jersey.

Yet only a month later there was a vastly different celebration in the town of Princeton. On the ninth of July, 1776, Mr. Clarke took his two sons each by a hand. Pausing on the threshold, he looked back at his wife.

"Keep Jennifer with you and stay within," he said. "This is men's business. We have offered to submit ourselves to his Majesty in every way that is fitting. His answer has been soldiers and more soldiers. These



have spilled innocent blood at Lexington and other places. Now if we are to look our children in their faces without shame, the time hath come to act. Dr. Witherspoon and Richard Stockton were right when they signed this Declaration of Independency at Philadelphia, which is to be read to us here tonight."

To the boys the grand illumination of Nassau Hall, the triple volley of musketry

and the general applause and enthusiasm were what they always remembered of that night. They shouted and threw up their hats with their elders, although they were too young to understand the full import of the solemn words that were meant to free them from the misrule of the king in England, and they were inclined to lord it over Jennifer in that she. being but a maid, had missed that decorous celebration.

Yet for all the seeming concord of that occasion, it

was not many days before a division among the towns-folk became apparent. There were those who were still for the king, in spite of all his oppression, and these constituted themselves an aristocracy, who looked down on such of their fellows as they called "Rebels."

John Clarke was one of the latter faction, as he quickly proved by going to join the army under General Washington.

Such practical loyalty to the Patriot Cause was rare enough in the Jerseys to draw some notice to his children, and one day Nick came home with various marks of having been in a

"This was the way of it, mother," he explained, sitting beside her while she mended his jacket. "I said my father was a patriot. Tom Carver vowed he was a wicked rebel. I said I would hit him for that were it not that my mother was a Quaker, misliking all strife. And that might have ended it had he not said our Jennifer could never be the queen again, for no rebel's child was worthy to stand for the Queen. Now that made Jennifer cry, so I hit him after all."

"Which did naught to better matters, I'se warrant," his mother told him. "Look at

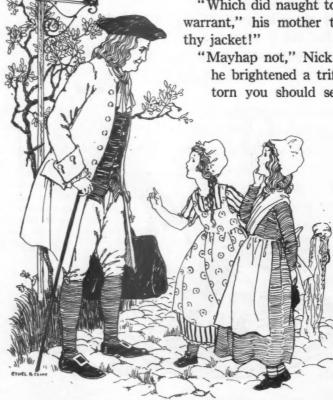
"Mayhap not," Nick acknowledged, then he brightened a trifle. "But if mine is torn you should see his! He'll scarce

> say again that our Jennifer is not worthy-not while I am nigh."

Yet Jennifer was to hear that very thing so often that it grew to rankle in her tender heart. Children are quick to take their tone from their elders, and most of the little girl's former friends were from the Tory families. Myra Olden now

passed her with her snub nose in the air or, if she stopped to speak, did so as if she conferred a favor. Loyal Sally Ann found it hard to keep her quick temper within bounds when Elly Roberts and Joy Crosset assured her in confidence that there were those who thought Mr. Clarke should have declared his sentiments toward the King before, rather than after, his daughter had been so signally honoured.

"That's something I know naught about, nor do they!" she told the two Clarke boys



hotly. "'Tis just that they are jealous that Jennifer was queen over them and mean to make sure she shall not have the place again."

Nick looked puzzled at that thought. "I think—" he began hesitatingly, "I think my mother must be right when she says war is a very bad thing. I never used to fight with Tom Carver, and the other maids were well pleased when Jennifer was made the queen."

"Do you mean that General Washington ought not to fight the British invaders?"

"Nay," Noch answered promptly for his brother. "He means the King should call home his men. 'Tis the one began the fight should end it. None can gainsay that!"

"At all events," Sally Ann remarked sensibly, "we will do naught to start a small war here. Let the girls say what

they please, it harms no one so long as it doth not reach Jennifer's ears."

But Jennifer, sooner or later, learned all that they knew. She was too sweet and affectionate not to note that her companions had changed toward her, and as her feelings had not altered it was not hard to come upon

the reason. It was something that did not lay in her power to mend, and she drooped under their lack of friendliness, even though she had done nothing to deserve it.

Thus the summer wore away, and as the Patriot cause looked less hopeful, more of the half-hearted in Princeton, who were determined only to be on the winning side, forgot that they had shouted for independence on the Ninth of July and became loud in their expressions of loyalty to "Good King George" and increasingly scornful of "Washington's

rabble," as they termed the Patriot army.

Foreseeing the hardships cold weather must bring to soldiers in the field, Mrs. Clarke had spent much of her time weaving homespun. She had made suits and shirts for her sons and husband, but she lacked the buttons and tapes to finish these, and learning that a packman had come to town, she sent Jennifer to seek him and buy what she needed ere the other housewives had emptied his pack.

Pleased with the importance of her errand, the little girl set off, her devoted Sally Ann at her side. Passing the house of Captain James Moore, they saw a plain-looking old man come out. He was alone and was carrying a bag. and Sally Ann sprang forward eagerly:

"Stop! "Stop!"
She called. "We want buttons and tape, and have silver to pay."

At these words the old man turned to meet her with a whimsical smile.

"Sooth then, I

wish I had them to sell!" He exclaimed.
"'Tis plain I am missing a good profit."

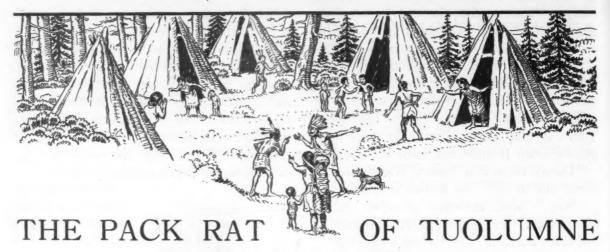
"Sally Ann," Jennifer whispered, abashed, "curtsey and crave his pardon. This gentleman is no bagman."

"He hath a bag." Sally Ann spoke sturdily, reluctant as she ever was to abandon any idea she had in her head.

"And I peddle my wares," declared the old man with open amusement, which convinced Jennifer anew that he was no bagman.

"What do you sell," Sally Ann asked him,





By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

Author of "Wild Heart," "On Autumn Trails" and "Adventures in Captivity"

HE pack rat, I would have you know, is a very curious sort of fellow. He makes his dwelling in the woods of many sticks and branches. He labors very diligently snipping twigs and gathering brush, and though his house is never very neat in appearance, it is certainly quite a structure. It would take you or me many days to build it, and would wear out our patience completely, I am afraid. The pack rat piles his sticks and branches in a large scattering heap under some bush or tree, and you might pass his house a dozen times without knowing that anyone lived there. You would think of it as merely a pile of underbrush which had been blown there by the wind.

The pack rat's peculiar idea of what a house should look like is in itself enough to mark him as an unusual chap. But it is nothing in comparison to his still more peculiar idea of furnishing and decorating his home. He brings in all sorts of queer things. Bits of broken glass, keys, marbles, picture cards, bones, tin cans. He works just as hard at furnishing his house as he does in hunting

food to eat. And although his place is always cluttered up with things that neither you nor I would find the least bit attractive, he likes them all, and keeps right on gathering more odds and ends for his palace of sticks and branches.

Perhaps you will wonder how his house is large enough to hold all the funny things he brings into it daily. Well, he manages this problem in a very simple and original manner. He always leaves something in exchange for the article he takes away. And so his furniture is constantly changing—he never has time to get tired of seeing the same piece of glass around for years and years, he never stumbles over the same old wish-bone of a chicken year in and year out-no indeed. He exchanges the chicken bone for a nice new raisin box, dropped by some picnicker in the woods; he trades that bit of broken glass for a lovely old door knob, thrown out on a garbage pile. He believes in noveltydoes Mr. Pack Rat.

This curious habit of his has gained for him the informal name of "trade rat." And I would like to tell you of an experience which I had with a trade rat in the meadows of Tuolumne.

Tuolumne Meadows lies far back in the High Sierras ; behind the lofty cliffs of Yosemite Val ley in California. The word is an old Indian one.



úm-ne, in three syllables, but now shortened so it sounds like two. It is twenty-seven miles by the shortest trail, which leads straight over the rocky wall of Yosemite, through the singing pines and fragrant azalea flowers of the High Sierra mountains, over wind-swept heights where only the stunted tamarack trees grow, and down through lovely meadows where the star-flowers bloom in thick profusion.

We rode there on horseback, Ranger Bob and I. Ranger Bob lives in Yosemite Valley, and it is his duty to ride back into the woods to see that the trails are kept clear, that no forest fires are starting, and to report anything of interest or alarm.

I was permitted to ride with him. And as we jogged along, he told me many interesting stories of the country through which we were passing, and the birds and animals which we occasionally glimpsed. It was he who told me a great deal more than I already knew about the pack rat. We passed a great heap of sticks under a bush, and Ranger Bob pointed it out to me as we passed by.

"Do you know why the pack rat always leaves something in exchange for what he takes away?" he asked me. And when I said I did not know, he told me this story which the Yosemite Indians used to tell:

Long, long ago, when mankind and animals lived peaceably

together, Kow-wat-sah, the wood rat, first built his home of sticks and branches in the forest. But he was not satisfied with merely building a house, he wanted to furnish it as the Indians furnished their tents of skin which they called "Ochums." He knew very well that no one would make him a present of anything he wanted, so he decided to steal the articles he desired. He would creep into the tents at night when every one was asleep, and would carry off some bright-colored trifle that he fancied: a bead necklace, a pretty shell, an arrow head.

When the Indians woke up in the morning and found their treasures gone, they were terribly angry and accused each other of all sorts of ungentlemanly things. It seemed for awhile as if there would be a war, so high did the bitter feeling rise. But the Great Spirit, who knew that Kow-wat-sah was the real thief, spoke to the guilty wood rat, saying, "I am very angry with you. You have done wrong, and you must make amends. Take back all the things you have stolen, or I will punish you for your wicked actions."



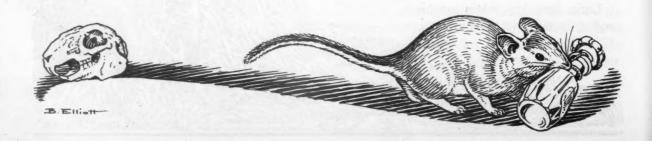
Kow-wat-sah was terribly frightened and promised to return everything he had stolen. And he did, too. Every night he would make a trip from his house in the woods to the tents of the Indians, and would leave some article that he had previously carried off with him. The only trouble was, that having a short memory, he didn't get the right things in the right places. He was quite apt to leave a bead necklace in the tent from which he had stolen an arrow head, and to return a shell to the ochum from which he had carried off a leather thong. The Indians, in order to get back their rightful possessions, began to trade back and forth, and they have been master traders ever since. Kow-wat-sah, too, now being afraid to steal anything outright, always leaves something in the place of the thing he takes away. And that is why they call him the trade rat.

Now, when I went to Tuolomne Meadow, I had a little tent with a floor raised above the ground. One morning when I woke up, I looked in vain for a package of hair pins which I felt sure I had brought with me. But I could not find them. And so I made up my mind that I had forgotten to bring them. At the time I didn't notice a dirty piece of china lying on the table. I was thinking only about the hair pins. But that afternoon, coming unexpectedly and quietly into the tent, I was just in time to see a pack rat—a very large fellow—in the act of going out of the door with a perfume bottle in his mouth. I shouted at him, just as if he were a person. And he dropped the bottle with a little thud, and blinked at me with shining, bright eyes, as much as to tell me that he was really no burglar, but an honest trader who would leave something for everything he took away. Then he darted out of the tent, and scurried into a hole underneath it. When I looked about to see if he had left anything, I found the dried skull of a rabbit! That was his idea of a fair trade for a bottle of perfume!

Every day after that, I set out things for Mr. Trade Rat to take away with him. I put out tin foil and bits of ribbon, a fragment of a mirror, an empty spool. He obligingly took something every day, waiting, of course, until I had gone out, or until I was asleep at night. And every day he left something in exchange. He left me a couple of bent nails, an old tooth brush and a rusty screw. Of course they weren't particularly useful things to me—I didn't find them valuable or ornamental. But it proved that he meant well, and was trading like a gentleman. So every day we exchanged gifts till at last I left Tuolumne.

You can see that the pack rat, descendant of Kow-wat-sah, is a very curious fellow. Something of a gentleman, too, and a hard working trader. If you should ever see him in the woods, or anywhere at all, do not be afraid of him, for he is not the least bit harmful. And if you have things you do not want, leave them out where he can find them. He will be greatly obliged for anything you offer, and will always bring you something in exchange for what he takes.

As for me—I am still wondering who finally got those hairpins that Mr. Trade Rat took in the meadow of Tuolumne.





THE JOLLY J'S.

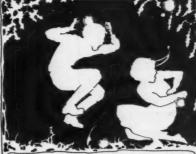
BY HELENE NYCE



Long time ago the J's went nutting 8 found a loaded tree.



The souirrels scolded— Olinrew burrs—Jock didn't mind, he thought they were mosquitoes!



One struck Jenny-another, Johnny! They did mind! It was far worse than any mosquitoes—



They left that tree to the squirrels—but the squirrels didn't stay! And—one of them—



Chewed a hole in every bao!



The three J's jothered nuts as fast as they could but only two, put them in-



The bag. When it bulged to the top they went away. But— it grew lighter—and lighter until.—



Johnny turned in estonishment! Jock picked up nuts - for himself-but Jenny-



mended the bag. So they filled it again & left ever so many nuts for the sourcels.

### THE ADVENTURES OF BOUNCER

By JAMES J. DEEHAN
THE FIRST ADVENTURE

BOUNCER had come a far journey by water. Now the crate that had been his river boat touched shore. Bouncer leaped to the sand, and grateful he was for the feel of it under his paws. Bouncer, you see.

was a dog, and not such a big dog as he would like to have been!

My, but 'twas a wide, wide world he found on scampering up the river bank. Grass, a great ocean of it, waved in the wind. Birds a-plenty soared and sang in the sky. But never a friendly face nor a cheering word welcomed this little dog of long ago to the vast prairies of the west.

Bouncer wished

himself back with the people of the great wagon train. Not the little dog's fault that he had been jarred from one of the covered wagons as it had crossed the river. No indeed! Nor was it his fault that swirling river waters had been too swift to allow hin to swim to the shore. His only hope had been to make to a crate floating in midstream. As captain of this crate he had sailed with the current.

Now Bouncer shook the drops of river from his kinky coat. He barked once or twice to show the world that he was alive and unafraid. Then he bravely started off adventuring. His eyes could see nothing but the waving grass. His ears could hear nothing but the bird calls and songs. Bouncer raised high his nose. Ah yes, 'twas smoke he smelled! Smoke meant fire and fire might mean people.

With little bounces, as a happy dog does in long grass, he raced ahead.

A sudden roar like thunder! A stamping! A pawing at the ground! With a growl Bouncer stopped. What manner of oxen was this, barring his way toward the smoke! Never in his long trip from the East. had Bouncer seen an animal with such a shaggy head, with such humped shoul-



ders, and with so much blood in its eyes.

The great beast was in a low place, directly in front. But smoke was beyond and that promised friends and good things. No roaring, stamping beast was going to prevent Bouncer from making to that smoke. He sidled around the beast. Then he fairly flew where his nose led. That was downstream to another gully.

People were there! A covered wagon was there! Bouncer took longer leaps over the prairie grass. 'Twas not such a lonely world after all.

"We're lost, Sam! Lost! This is Indian

land," a voice was sobbing. "We shouldn't have forded the river. To go on is to go into danger—we might just as well stay here until the end!"

"Never!" replied a firmer voice. "We shall go on, Jesse, and we shall make safe! A while back I thought I heard a dog barking. Then, too, this crate we have fished from the river's edge tells there must have been

wagons crossing recently."

Bouncer's eyes gleamed at sight of the speakers. His heart had always beat strong for boys. With tail wagging a friendly greeting, the happy dog advanced to the campfire by the stranded prairie schooner.

"A dog!" The downcast boy looked up. "I'm glad to see you, old fellow. Look, Sam, what a bouncing rascal he is!"

Bouncer in every way showed his joy. He went across to the Sam boy and wagged his tail and said with actions plainer than words, "I was lost, too, but I'm not lost anymore. now that we've found each other!"

The fire cackled up with red flames. Bouncer jumped up with sheer happiness. Jesse and Sam brightened up with hope. Dinner was on the fire and just about ready to come off. A hearty meal the two boys and Bouncer made of the contents of the pot.

Bouncer learned a few things as he ate. Ginger and Jim were the two horses of the wagon, and that animal behind, so different from the roaring, stamping beast, was Muley, the cow.

Had Bouncer been able to question the boys he would have learned still more—how they with their wagon had become separated from the big wagon train during an Indian attack, how they had wandered on the prairie for several days, how at last they had forded the river. Then Bouncer had arrived.

Now the meal over, he was pleased to see that the wagon was to go on.

"We shall face the unknown instead of staying here fearing it." declared Sam.

"Yes," agreed the changed Jesse, "for big little dog Bouncer will rout all dangers. But Sam, what is that roaring we hear now and then?"

Sam didn't know! Bouncer knew, and if the boys had understood the bow-

wow language, he would have told of the great shaggy beast. He hoped, did the dog, that the wagon would take a direction other than the one toward the great, shaggy beast; but alas, Sam guided Ginger and Jim to the west.

The horses went willingly enough—for a time. Then came a change. Ginger snorted: Jim snorted. Both horses reared up and pawed the air. Even Muley, the cow tied to the rear of the wagon, was disturbed.

Then, to the surprise of the boys, out from the lowland shambled the great shaggy beast with anger showing in every move. Straight toward the covered wagon he advanced, his





head lowered, his horns ready, his roar enough to terrify a tall, strong man.

Ginger and Jim went fairly wild. Sam could not control them. Their eyes glared, their nostrils dilated as the two horses backed in terror.

"A buffalo!" cried Jesse. "A great bull gone mad. He'll kill the horses! Wreck the wagon!"

Indeed it seemed he would do all that and more. With maddened bellow he rushed at the strangers in his country.

Bouncer became aroused. His friends were on that wagon seat, his only friends in the wide world of grass and river. He must save them from the stamping hoofs, the threatening horns and the rushing bulk of the crazed bull of the buffaloes.

Bouncer went forth to battle. The bull was big. Bouncer was so small that 'twas hard to make himself seen by the two bloodshot eyes in the great shaggy head. Those eyes could see only the canvas-covered wagon. But closer and closer to the shaggy head leaped Bouncer. Soon, small as he was, the buffalo's flaming eyes could not help but see him.

One slash of the flying hoofs or one rip of the horns and Bouncer would be no more. The bull shook his head as though Bouncer were but a harmless fly soon to be destroyed.

But Bouncer had no wish to die. He leaped to this side, that side and t'other side. His actions maddened the bull beyond belief. The shaggy brute forgot about the covered wagon, forgot about the terrified horses. All he desired was to kill the barking bit of dog.

Now that the bull was no longer crashing straight for them, Ginger and Jim, with manes flying, raced away from the scene of battle. Poor Muley, the cow, had a hard time keeping up with the lumbering caravan.

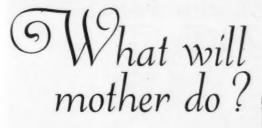
Sam and Jesse were joyful. They had been saved and by Bouncer's bravery in luring the bull away from the wagon. But had the wee dog lost his life in saving theirs? No! Once his friends were out of danger, he dodged beyond the bull's range of vision and raced after the wagon.

"There was never such a dog as you!" declared Sam, taking the dog in the wagon. "You are the bravest of the brave!"

Bouncer was pleased with the compliment. He licked Sam's hand in thanks. Then, much disturbed, he looked again at the skyline. Yes, many swiftly moving dots were there. Thousands of buffalo were coming! Around the fringes of the great herd were Indian horsemen, screeching fearfully and riding toward the wagon.

Bouncer growled deep in his throat. He liked not the coming of these wild plainsmen. But he must not let Sam and Jesse be taken with fear. Bouncer's tail thumped the wagon seat as he looked at the faces of his two friends. He would protect them. Hadn't he won a victory over the maddened bull? Well, then, he was ready for his second great adventure, the adventure of the sinking sands.

(Part II of "The Adventures of Bouncer" will appear in the December issue of CHILD LIFE)



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### THE MUSIC FAIRY

By GEORGE H. GARTLAN
Director of Public School Music of New York City

and saw the dark clouds scurrying by.

"Oh, Mother dear," she called, "the old rain has come to spoil our music day. We did so want to go out into the country again and have Uncle Jerome tell us more of the wonderful music written about nature—the birds, the flowers, the seasons, and everything else that we all love so well."

"Do not worry, Lorraine," her mother said, "we have a great surprise in store for your music club today. Call your little friends and invite them to come over this afternoon."

"Will we have a real party, with ice cream and candy?" exclaimed Lorraine, her eyes dancing.

"I am not sure about that," her mother said, "but I do know that a visitor is coming with a gift to our family."

"Oh, mother, what is the gift?"

"Wait, my dear, and you shall see. Invite your friends."

"What shall I tell them, Mother?"

"Just say that if they are good and remain very quiet, a fairy may sing to them."

"A real fairy, Mother—the kind of story book fairy?"

"More real than that, my dear."

Lorraine, full of excitement, had quite forgotten about the rain and the dull day. Staying indoors seemed to be full of pleasure. It did not take long to let her friends know about the invitation. To each one she told the story of the fairy. Bess and little John were delighted with the idea, but Tommy did not seem to enthuse over it. He mumbled something to the effect that there were no such things as fairies—only girls believed in fairies. But Lorraine insisted that he come and find out for himself.

Lorraine busied herself helping her mother and wondering what the gift would be. The door bell rang. Excitedly Lorraine hurried to the door.

"Oh, Mother dear, look! A new piano!"

"Yes, darling, a new electric reproducing piano—one that plays by itself, and plays just as the great masters of the piano who made the records, play in concert."

"Can I play it too, Mother?"

"Yes, dear, just the same as our old piano, but you see it is better, because it plays for you, and shows you how to perform in the correct way."

The piano men soon had the new piano in place. Lorraine's mother sent her out of the room while the electric connection was made, because she did not want her to know how it worked. You see, that was the big surprise.

Soon the members of the club arrived. Tommy brought two boy friends, Jack and Bill, he called them, just to prove that there were no such things as fairies. Soon Uncle Jerome, too, had come to Lorraine's party.

"Marvellous, children!" he exclaimed. "Now we shall always have wonderful music whenever we want it."

"Where is the fairy?" shouted Tommy. Jack and Bill giggled.

"Right here," said Uncle Jerome. And without another word the piano commenced to play. You see, when Lorraine's mother sent her from the room she placed a music roll

in the piano so that everything would be ready for the surprise.

The music was sweet—just a pretty melody—a song. Suddenly there came a long trill—just like a bird note. First soft, then loud, then soft. Quickly the notes fluttered down and up the keyboard—just like a bird flying. Then the melody sounded

again, only this time it seemed to soar, up and up, and finally it came to a slow soft ending. When the piano stopped playing the children clapped their hands for joy.

"Oh, it was just like a bird!"

"It was meant to be," said Uncle Jerome. The music is called "The Lark" and it was composed by a Russian named Glinka."

"Where's the fairy?" asked Tommy.

"It is the fairy godmother called electricity making that beautiful music possible."

And then Uncle Jerome told the music club how the great pianists came into studios, sat down at pianos, played wonderful music, and then through the magic of science, the recordroll was reproduced so that everyone might hear the great musicians play. "Now for more music," said Uncle Jerome.

"Let us imagine we are looking in a toy shop.

All the toys have decided to come to life.

One by one they awaken, the dolls, the soldiers, the clown dolls, the animals, and everything we see in a toy shop, all moving around in time to the music." Then he placed another music roll in the piano, turned the little handle, and the wonderful piano started to play "The March of the Toys," from Her-

bert's "Babes in Toyland." The music was so full of rhythm that Tommy, Jack and Bill marched around, moving their heads, arms and legs, just as stiffly as the dolls would have to do if they came to life. The music finished in a grand burst of melodic delight, and Uncle Jerome, Lorraine, her mother, John

and Bess applauded the comedy action of the boys. Everyone was anxious to know more about the story of Toyland, but Uncle Jerome wanted to play more for the little club.

"You will now hear a beautiful piano number called "Narcissus," by our own American composer, Ethelbert Nevin. The story of Narcissus, the child from whom the lovely flower gets its name, is interesting. Narcissus lived in the forest. He had never seen his own face, because there were no mirrors. One day while walking through the woods he stopped by a pool, and looking into the water was fascinated by the charming picture of a beautiful face reflected in the water. He did not know it was himself at first, but kept saying, 'How beautiful!' When he realized



it was his own reflection he stared and stared, until overcome by his own vanity he fell in the water. He had been too proud and vain. A beautiful and fragrant flower grew from the spot where Narcissus fell. That is why the flower narcissus grows in water, and the flower part is face down toward the pool, always admiring its own beauty."

The music started. There was the theme of the child looking in the water. Then the

troubled music—the fall—the rings formed in the water, widening toward the shore—then the themeagain, more brilliant than before—always the exquisite flower.

Tommy, by this time, had ceased to doubt the existence of the fairy that made this beautiful music possible. Jack and Bill, his friends,

could hardly believe how it all happened.
"Tell us how it works, Uncle Jerome!"
Lorraine said.

"Well, that is not easy, children, because the real part is a secret. However, it is like this. When the pianist plays, each key that he strikes punches a small hole in the paper roll. When he finishes a skillful man takes it out of the machine, re-rolls it, fixes up the little pieces of paper, and lo! it plays again just as though the pianist were there! Listen now!"

Softly the piano began to play "Old Folks at Home." All the children knew the words for they had learned them at school.

"Sing, my dears," said Lorraine's mother. The sound of their voices was charming. How well they sang! Just as though the accompanist were in the room, and directing them. When they finished the first verse, Uncle Jerome called Lorraine to the piano.

"See," he said, opening the box where the record was placed, "it tells you just how to conduct the singing of your friends. All the beats are marked on the roll. Try it and see for yourself." Lorraine watched and with a small stick in her hand she conducted just as

well as the big handsome whitehaired man who led the symphony orchestra when the grand concert was given in Symphony Hall. It was so successful that all the children wanted to try it, but Uncle Jerome told them that the next time the little club met Tommy would have to conduct. I wish you could have I really think he

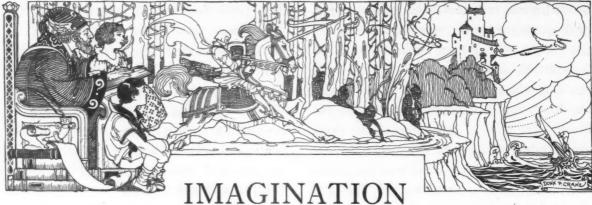


seen Tommy's expression. blushed.

"Now for the next number, and the last for the day. It is Chopin's 'Military Polonaise,' played by Paderewski, the great pianist of Poland, and for a time the Premier of his country. During the great world conflict Paderewski knew that little Poland was suffering greatly from the horrors of war. He loved his native Poland, and as a sacrifice gave up his music, and donated all his money to his country. Was not that a lovely thing to do?" Uncle Jerome's eyes grew moist because he knew the great Paderewski. "My dears, he is a wonderful man. America is also proud of him. Hear him play."

Oh, what rhythm! Oh, how clear came the

(Continued on page 706)



# AND THE LITERATURE OF CHILDHOOD

By PADRAIC COLUM

Author of "The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said," "The King of Ireland's Son," "The Children Who Followed the Piper," "The Children's Homer," "The Peep-Show Man," etc.

THERE is no time in one's life when right reading is so important as in one's childhood: one has good instincts then; later on they become corrupted by continuous reading of that which is just current and just topical. The good instincts that the child has, and the taste that goes with them, should be kept right. But we do spoil them. We spoil them by giving children snippets out of newspapers and stories which, because the writers have to follow a certain vein year in, year out, are trite—trite in invention and trite in expression.

When I say that children have good instincts in reading I mean that they respond to real imagination when it is shown in a story. Now what is imagination? It is not merely a faculty for stringing improbabilities together and making up a world that is wholly unreal. Imagination is the faculty of revealing things freshly and surprisingly.

Sometime, perhaps very soon, it will come to be recognized that it is as important to cultivate the imagination as it is to cultivate the will or the intelligence. At present our systems of education are directed towards training the will or training the intelligence, but perhaps the time is at hand when we will have an education that will be directed towards training the intelligence and the will through the imagination. For imagination is one of our great faculties: it is the one quality common to all great men-to soldiers and statesmen, to saints and artists, to scientists, philosophers and great business men. Says the Serpent to Eve in "Back to Methuselah," "She told it to me as a marvelous story of something that never happened to a Lillith that never was. She did not know that imagination is the beginning of creation. You imagine what you desire; you will what you imagine; and at last you create what you will." The time may come when that sentence will be written above all places of education: "Imagination is the beginning of creation. . . . You imagine what you desire; you will what you imagine; and at last you create what you will." If children are to will out of their imagination and create out of their will, we must see to it that their imaginations are not clipped and made trivial.

A great writer, Sir Walter Scott, has written down all that is to be said as to the way stories for children should be told. "A good thought has come into my head," he writes in his "Journal" for 1827, "to write stories for little Johnnie Lockhart from the "History of Scotland," like those taken from the "History of England." I will not write mine quite as simply as Croker has done. I am persuaded both children and the lower class of readers hate books which are written down to their capacity, and love those that are more composed for their elders and betters. I will make, if possible, a book that a child will understand, yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse should he chance to take it up. It will require, however, a simplicity of style not quite my own. The grand and interesting consists in ideas, not words."

Scott, I am certain, was right in what he puts down here. Children are quick to feel patronage. The story-teller must have a respect for the child's mind and the child's conception of the world, knowing it for a complete mind and a complete conception. Scott had that kind of a respect; Hans Andersen, Stevenson, Kipling had it, and their ever memorable stories are grounded on it.

It is more important, I believe, to let the child's imagination develop than it is to labour to inculcate in him or her some correct ethical point of view. If a child has in his or her mind the images that imaginative literature can communicate—the heroic, sweet or loving types that are in the world's great stories-it is much more likely that he or she will grow up into a fine human being than if some austere mentor spoke to them out of every page of their reading. I think the mood of a child's story should be one of kindliness. I do not mean that the characters in a story should be always kind to each other. I mean that the auditor or the reader should be assured that the teller is inspired with a mood of kindliness for his conspicuous character. "Now you must know that the King had no horse to give Boots but an old broken-down jade," says the Norse story, "for his six other sons had carried off all the horses; but Boots did not care a pin for that; he sprang up on his sorry old steed. 'Farewell, father,' said he; 'I'll come back, never fear, and like enough I shall bring my six brothers with me;' and with that he rode off." When we hear this we know that the teller of the tale has the right feeling for his hero.

With the mood of kindliness there should be the mood of adventure. The hero should be one who is willing to take strange paths in the morning and lie down under the giant's roof when the darkness falls. "After that they went around the castle, and at last they came to a great hall where the Trolls' two great swords hung high up on the wall. 'I wonder if you are man enough to wield one of these,' said the Princess. 'Who? I?' said the lad; "twould be a pretty thing indeed if I couldn't wield one of these.' With that he put two or three chairs one a-top of the other, jumped up, and touched the biggest sword with his finger tips, tossed it up in the air, and caught it again by the hilt; leapt down, and at the same time dealt such a blow with it on the floor that the whole hall shook." That is the humor proper to a hero.

Then there should be happenings in a child's story,

many happenings, even the same happenings over again. The good characters should undoubtedly be fine and upright, but we should not insist upon their being always good boys at school. If they are heroic and adventurous and have a simple-minded goodness it is enough; the stories they figure in need not bristle with moralities and recommendations to good conduct. And the old figures of romance should be left to the children: when Kings, Queens, and Princes have taken their leave of the political world they should still be left to flourish in the world of the child's romance. Witches, giants, dwarfs, gnomes and trolls should be left to them too.

I think the ideal children's book should be, not a collection of stories, but a continuous narrative with the same characters living through many varied incidents. Things need not be too simplified in that world. It will be no harm if things are left mysterious there-such mysterious things are "magic," and "magic" is an element that is not only accepted but is looked for. And it flatters a child to be able to read a long story that has mysteries in it. The probabilities that we know of from experience have no place in the world we make for a child. A tree may talk; a swan may change into a king's daughter; a castle may be built up in an instant. We know tree, swan, and castle by their limitations, but a child knows them in their boundless possibilities. To a child each thing mentioned is distinct, unique, a thing in itself, having all the possibilities of things in Eden. Did we know, in the time that we flew kites, that there was a space in the atmosphere that no kite ever flew in before and that our kite might enter it? That sense of boundless possibility should belong to everything in a child's story.

The delight in things, the sense of the uniqueness of things, is in every story that children delight in. An old lamp may be Aladdin's. A key may open the door to mystery. A dish may be the supreme possession of a king. For children feel, as people with few possessions feel, the adventure and the enchantment that are in things.





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the long centuries.

On the Road to Make-Believe. Frederick J. Forster. Heart's Delight Stories. Suitable for children four to eight. Illustrated with twelve full-page and one hundred half and quarter page plates in full color by Uldene Trippe. Size 10 x 22 inches, 128 pages. Cloth binding, colored wrapper and paster. This book corresponds in style with the large flat books of our line such as Once Upon at Time, Peter Patter, Real Mother Goose and others. \$2.00.

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end papers and colored wrapper. \$1.50.

It was always work, work, work, at home, so little
Anthony Ant decided to so out into the great world,
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after he had grown hungry and lonesome, and had
spoiled his nice clothes, and had met such disagreeable people as the fuzzy caterpillar, he knew that
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#### By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library Present Librarian, Edison Junior High School, Long Beach, California

Now, speech is very curious: You never know what minute A word will show a brand-new side, With brand-new meaning in it. This world could hardly turn around, If some things acted like they sound.

NANCY BYRD TURNER-"Zodiac Town"

HAT wouldn't I give just now for a Magic Carpet which might carry me to your very chimney corner where we could have a heart to heart talk! For days and days I've been feasting upon books—old favorites of ours which have the gift of pleasing no matter how many times we have read them, exciting tales which would interest any boy who loves adventure and manly deeds and some new stories full of fun and individuality.

Are you like a young friend of mine, I wonder, who never reads anything but fairy tales? He reads them at night in bed with the light on, he reads them before breakfast and thus makes himself late for school, and he reads them behind his geography during study periods. What a time you and he will have this year on the road to make-believe! Some of the tales like "Rumpty-Dudget's Tower" and "The Rainbow String" may be a trifle unsettling but who cares about that? Perhaps, after all, it's the story that picks us up and carries us off somewhere we never expected to be that we love the best.

"Rumpty-Dudget's Tower" is with us again after being stowed away for a long time in an old volume of St. Nicholas. The story is a lively one about a little princess who had a bad fault of liking to order other people about. Prince Frank and Prince Henry had queer ways of doing things, too, and they had many surprises before they finally discovered a happy way of conquering the old rascal, Rumpty-Dudget. One of the nicest tales in "The Rainbow String" is called "Why Things Come in Threes." It tells of an old woman who had three sons, every one of whom was One-Sided. "The first son was tall as a mast, the second was wide as a door, and the third was as thin as a pancake. The one who was tall was just tall and nothing else-he had no width and thickness; and the one who was wide had no height and you could see through him; and the one who was as thin as a pancake was a good square fellow if only there had been anything else to him worth mentioning." I am as certain as can be, also, that you won't miss the queen whose crown wobbled when she did things or the parrot who only answered questions asked him in French. Other recent fairy tales which you will enjoy are a new edition of "Granny's Wonderful Chair" and "The Adventures of a Brownie," Rose Fyleman's latest group of fairy stories called "Forty Good Night Tales," "The Atlantic Treasury of Children's Stories," "Number Two Joy Street," and "Chinese Fairy Tales."

There are other book friends I want you to know, too, and having to write you about them is not at all satisfactory. They are all about people who instead of being One-Sided have many sides to their nature. They have to be known well to be appreciated. "Pinocchio" is one of those friends, I think, and in order that we may know him even better he comes to us this year in still another edition. The same is true of "The Lonesomest Doll" and of "A Little Girl of Long Ago." In the Riverside Bookshelf you will find old favorites in new dress, especially "Peterkin Papers, and "The Good Dog Book." In the Beacon Hill Bookshelf, a splendid new series of standard books for boys and girls, are such well known tales as Martin Hyde, by John Masefield, Little Women and Little Men; and Nelly's Silver Mine by Helen Hunt Jackson.

We are told in "The Memoirs of a Donkey" that no one should ever say "as stupid as a donkey." Donkeys may make mistakes, just like the little wooden boy, Pinocchio, but no one who has laughed over either the Donkey or Pinocchio, would call either of them stupid. One-Sided people and animals are always so satisfied and are always the same. That is due to the fact that they have never been out in the world and have never had any experiences worth talking about. How different those One-Sided Folks might be if we could tell them about the whales and flying-fish in "Childrens' Rhymes of Travel," about Armfield's Animal Book or Heaven Folk by Waldemar Bonsels. There are five new books of poetry; it would be such fun to read them, too. Do you think we could venture to read Porridge Poetry by our beloved Hugh Lofting to a One-Sided Person or Silver Horn by Hilda Conkling? And after something began to happen to them, and they weren't as one-sided as they used to be, would we dare show them, do you suppose, "This Singing World" and "On the Road to Make Believe" and "Uncle's Animal Book?"

When you have glanced over this list of books do you know what I hope? I hope that like the Elephant's Child in "Just So Stories" you'll be full of satiable curiosity and that means that you'll read ever so much in these books and ask ever so many questions about them.

#### BOOKS WITH THE GIFT OF PLEASING

Adventures of A Brownie - - - - D. M. M. Craik
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Ant Ventures - - - - - - - Blanche Elizabeth Wade RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO

Armfield Animal Book - - - - - - C. S. Armfield
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#### THANKSGIVING WONDERS

(Continued from page 659)

JUANITA (to Thornton): Won't you tell us about Mrs. Hale?

THORNTON: She is the Mother of the American Thanksgiving.

JIMMY: I thought the Pilgrims started *that* anyway.

THORNTON: They did, but not until the time of President Lincoln was it observed by all the states on the same day. This sore perplexed my cousin, Mrs. Hale, and for twenty years she asked—in magazine articles and in letters to every governor and president holding office—that Thanksgiving be established as a national holiday.

JIMMY: Say, she was plucky!

THORNTON: Yes, that's what President Lincoln thought and in 1863 he proclaimed the last Thursday in November as a national holiday.

UNCLE JOE (as he seats Thornton by Hera): Well, children, who gets the reward?

JIMMY: Why Deborah, of course.
JUANITA: I think Thornton
deserves it even more. Oh, dear,
can't you decide it for us, Uncle

UNCLE JOE: I can. Just sit down with the other children.

JIMMY: You mean with the dolls. UNCLE JOE: Yes, but we're pretending that they're children. (Holding up the box.) This reward goes to the child whose age and clime has influenced our 1924 Thanksgiving most. Your heritage from the past is great, but who can make it count for something?

JUANITA: Why, we can.

UNCLE JOE: Of course—the children of the present. (He lays the box on their laps.)

JIMMY: This is a dandy box and all that but how do we get it?

JUANITA: Don't you see, Jimmy? The reward wasn't given to you as you or to me as me but to us as children. We have a great heritage (with a flourish) from the past, but it's up to us to make our Thanksgiving what it ought to be. Even if Deborah were real she couldn't be thankful for us and Thornton couldn't be patriotic for us.



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UNCLE JOE (uneasily): Hurry and open your reward. Then you'll like my confession better.

JUANITA: Uncle Joe, you haven't been playing any tricks on us, have you? (As Jimmy opens the box.) Oh, oh! Look at the cunning little turkey, (She presses its head and it goes "Gobble, gobble!") and all the different kinds of fruit! Wherever did you get so many, Uncle Joe?

UNCLE JOE: From Palestine came the bananas and the quinces; from Italy and Greece the dates and almonds; and from Egypt the oranges and limes, the olives and pomegranates. The pretty box comes from England and the shiny apples from your own America.

JIMMY: Look inside the turkey, Nita. (Helping himself to the dates inside): If this is what you mean by Uncle Joe's tricks, I like them. Can these dolls eat, too!

JUANITA: I doubt it. I never knew before that they could talk. UNCLE JOE: They can't.

You mean we just JIMMY: thought we heard them? Aw-

UNCLE JOE: You heard them all right and everything you heard them say was true. But then, you see, I used to be-well, sorta a ventriloquist.

JIMMY: What's that?

JUANITA: It's a man who can put his voice where he isn't. Uncle Joe, how could you fool us that way? (When you produce the play, the boys and girls who take the parts of the dolls actually do the speaking.)

UNCLE JOE: Well now, folks are going to pay to hear me make my dolls talk at the charity bazaar. I just thought I'd have a rehearsal for you and give you a reward for listening. I knew if I could fool you I could fool the other folks.

He turns his back on them and we hear a high, quavering voice from the hall, "Can you keep a secret, children?" "Yes," they shout but see nothing when they throw open the door. Now the voice comes from the closet. "Then listen. You have just seen the surprise act for the bazaar."

JIMMY: Oh, it's Uncle Joe again, playing ventriloquist. Didn't I say he was a wizard?

JUANITA: Really, Uncle Joe, is that your surprise act and you let us be the very first children in this town to hear it? (He nods.) Yes, Jimmy, he's a wizard all right, but he's an angel, too.





### THE BOOK CARNIVAL

By FRANCES NEALE

T was Children's Book Week and the night of the Book Carnival. Miss Ella, the children's young librarian aunty, was very busy. So were her five nieces and nephews. Aunt Ella had suggested the Book Carnival in the first place, the librarians and teachers were in charge, all the children were helping, but it was really Joyce and Marjorie, Tom and Don and Jerry who had laid several of the novel plans that were making the Carnival so successful.

The proceeds were to go to the juvenile book fund of the library. The long school gymnasium was lined on either side with gay booths, a few of them rented by local book dealers, but most of them given over to "booky" refreshments and "booky" sideshows. At one end a stage had been erected and folding chairs were arranged in rows for the large audience that came pouring in as soon as the doors were opened. For two weeks the children had been selling admission tickets and now Tom collected them at the door, looking very businesslike in his Jack Horner suit. Inside, other Mother Goose children served as ushers, with one of the teachers dressed as Mother Goose in charge.

The main entertainment was a play about books and Marjorie had one of the leading parts. After it was over the large audience applauded and applauded and Marjorie was called out before the curtain. There was Simple Simon coming down the aisle with a long box of roses for her, and Marjorie blushed for pride and joy and the audience clapped again.

After the play Mother Goose

mounted the platform with an announcement about the booths. She also explained the Children's Book Crusade, although most of the mothers and fathers and big brothers and sisters and kindly neighbors already knew about it. For several weeks now nearly every boy and girl in the school had been cleaning sidewalks, raking leaves, running errands and delivering papers, to earn the money to buy a new book Children's Book Week. Every child who bought his book that night was to be decorated with a pretty red and white ribbon badge.

Now the audience was moving about, and the Mother Goose ushers began folding up the chairs and stacking them at one end of the room. Most of the children made a dash for one of the booksellers' booths first, so they could have their badge to wear all evening. Then the refreshment booths and the side shows shared their attention.

The refreshments were very booky and, therefore, twice as good, so everybody said. There was "Toby Tyler" pop and ice cream, "Alice in Wonderland" mock-turtle soup, "Bonbon and Bonbonnette" candy, "Wilderness Honey" sandwiches, "Gray Squirrel" nuts, "Jack Horner" pie and, best of all, Dr. Dolittle happiness tablets. These were really fruit tablets but they tasted much more interesting under their new name. Gaily decorating all the booths were "Dizzy Lizzie" balloons. The children in charge were costumed just like the characters, whose names they had given to their refreshments.

The children's things-to-make

(Continued on page 693)



Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe kept memory
Of a lovely thing.



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### WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XVII

By RUTH BRADFORD

WELL, you have one thing to be extra thankful for—that you don't look like me. But bless my flippers, I don't mind my looks a bit! I may be clumsy and comical-looking, but I'm quite happy, thank you, to make a splash in my own way, in my own deep sea circles.

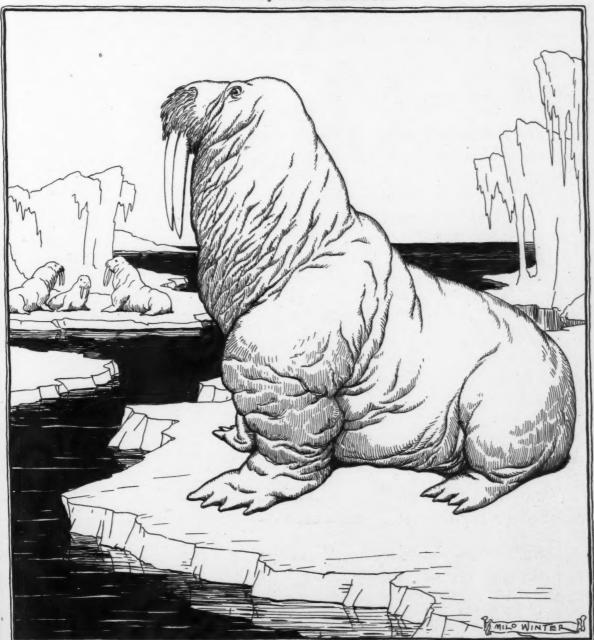
Oh, yes, I'm a sociable old thing, for I love to go swimming with lots of my brothers and sisters and cousins and uncles and grandfathers and aunts and friends—to say nothing of my wife and babies. We dine—even on Thanksgiving—on clams and other delicious shell fish. I like this menu best. I move slowly on shore or on a cake of ice, but when I'm in the water I'm a prize swimmer—even though I do weight 3,000 pounds!

I like to travel a bit each year. In the summertime I live in the Arctic basin, but the fall and winter I spend in Bering Sea or along the coast of eastern Asia. My relatives are not very clever about getting away from hunters-who want our thick hairless skin, blubber and ivory tusks. Eskimos especially come after us in their frail skincovered boats called kyaks. If the ladies of our family have their babies with them, though, they're not too proud to fight. bellow fiercely and go right after those hunters-banging their boats with their tusks and teaching them to leave their babies alone.

Sailors long, long ago used to see thousands of us cuddled up cosily on cakes of ice and they used to call us "sea horses." Now the scientists have named us ODOBENUS OBESUS—but I suppose you have already guessed our everyday names. You see, we look just exactly like ourselves—and nobody else!



Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



NUMBER\_SEVENTEEN

Dear Children: Read about me on the preceding page, guess my name and color me in my really truly colors. Send me before November 12 to Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Be sure to send

your name and age and address with your page.

The best page and answer by a girl wins a prize, and so does the best page and answer by a boy. The boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.

# The Charmer

ALICE H.WHITSON

restrung his and started to play.

A gay little tune as ever was heard, fell soft and sweet on the ears of a

Old brother crawled out of a log. and merrily winked at a lazy old

While down in the field of tassling there danced by himself a quite forlorn.

And up in the top of a tall oak an kept time with a bumble ...

And out in the a sly old put on his and started to

A wee chubby came out of his listened a minute and murmered Amen --

Then out of a Came a strange little breeze, and soon mother earth was covered with

And all of the dancers so glad and gay, grabbed up their treasures and darted away.

The laughed to his heart's content, and dropping his away he went.

For well did he know in that big domain his old friends would welcome him back again.



# WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

SEPTEMBER COLOR CONTEST

SOLUTION

Pika, Little Hare, or Cony. Color, dull gray or brownish.

WINNERS

Louise Collier, 5532 Bartlett St., Pittsburgh, Pa., age 10.
Randolph W. Aldridge, Lyells, Virginia, age 8.

HONOR ROLL

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#### THE BOOK CARNIVAL

(Continued from page 689)

booth took in the most money. Jerry and the boys had made many attractive toys after reading "Toy Making in School and Home," and "Homemade Toys for Girls and Boys," and they had them for sale with the books displayed beside them. The girls, too, had done their share, for with the help of two books, "A Hundred Things a Girl Can Make" and "Girls Make at Home Things," they had contributed quite a few dainty little articles that sold at once.

But successful as this booth was and delicious as were the booky refreshments, the booky sideshows were the most interesting of all. In one of them could be seen Robinson Crusoe's daring rescue of Friday from the savages: in another a dance of all the heroines in Andersen's fairy tales; in a third the tournament scene from "Ivanhoe," only instead of horses and real weapons the boys had velocipedes, and harmless wooden swords, which made it very funny. Another group acted a scene from "Little Women," and a fifth attraction was Robin Hood and his merry men, engaged in an archery contest. Some of the sideshows charged a quarter and some of them charged ten cents, but at the end of the evening the money box of every one of them was filled.

In fact, it was a most exciting carnival and a very profitable carnival as well. Best of all were the results of the Childrens' Book Crusade, for there wasn't a child there who was not wearing the red and white ribbon badge when he left for home that night. In fact, several boys and girls had bought two books.

As for Aunt Ella and her five nieces and nephews, they were very tired when it was over but very happy, for, hadn't Aunt Ella suggested the carnival in the first place and the Book Crusade, as well? And hadn't the children thought of the booky sideshows and the booky refreshments all themselves?



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#### TABITHA'S THANKFULNESS

(Continued from page 655)

Maria. The minister was saying that every one should be thankful—"firstly, for the bounteous fruits of the earth." That meant the yellow pumpkins, the apples and onions and squashes, and the cranberries that Uncle Seth had sent from his bog. Tabitha was thankful for those things. But the big white turkey—was he a fruit of the earth too? In wondering about that, Tabitha missed the secondly," and before the "thirdly, my brethren," she was asleep, her head pillowed on Gran's shawled shoulder.

Gran woke her up for the last hymn, and after that the excitement began: all the big family billowing around Gran's pew. Tabitha curtseyed and shook hands, and then whispered to Mother that she wanted to ride out to the farm with her. But Mother whispered back that the buggy seat was just wide enough for three grown-ups, so Tabitha had to go back as she had come, on a little stool tucked between Gran's feet.

She got very hungry waiting for dinner to be ready, and *very* anxious about Mary Ann. Would her mother spare her, and if so, what would Gran say, and Aunt Maria? Of course she ought to have asked first. But she didn't, and there hadn't been any chance to get hold of Mother and beg her to explain. Oh dear!

And then a delightful thing happened! Grandfather, who somehow always understood what children wanted, and who never, never, scolded or found fault—he discovered Mary Ann. He had gone out to the barn to see if Silver was cool enough to have his oats, and he met Mary Ann, and she told him why she'd come.

Grandfather laughed his loud "Ho, ho!" and took her by the hand and hunted up Tabitha. "Here's the child you borrowed," he said. "She's going to sit on the other side of me. I don't know which of you'll get the wishbone—"

"She," said Tabitha, "'cause she's more company. And there are two saucer pies, and she can choose, and two turkey wings, just alike." Tabitha looked into the parlor, full of chattering grown folks. "Do you blame me for wanting another child, Grandfather?" she asked.

Grandfather looked where Tabitha had, and laughed again. "No, Tabbie," he said. "I don't."

"Then will you make it all right with Gran and Auntie?" demanded Tabitha.

"We—el," said Grandfather solemnly, "I'll try. But why didn't you—"

"Oh, I know I should!" cried Tabitha, "but I was afraid they wouldn't understand—and I never thought to ask you! I couldn't be thankful without another child, and I wanted to be, and I thought Mary Ann would be more thankful if she had some of our turkey."

"I'll fix it up for you," promised Grandfather and marched off to do it.

"Don't find fault with her," Tabitha heard him saying out in the dining room. "Let the child have all the reasons she needs for thankfulness. Yes, it's a family festival, but surely we can welcome the child of one of our servants to our table. There! I knew you'd agree with me!"

With a happy little skip Tabitha turned to her guest. "Did you ever see a Thanksgiving pie with letters?" she demanded. "I made the letters. Grandfather lets me run round the table before dessert, so I can eat more. He'll let you, too. After dinner we all play 'Roll the Platter' and 'London Bridge' and 'Forfeits.' It's fun to see the grown-ups rush about in games."

"I guess so," murmured Mary Ann, half scared and half delighted.

Tabitha gave another skip for joy. "Let's go watch them dish up," she said. "Oh. I'm so thankful!"



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Open the control, and with headlight blazing, each car illuminated, speed over your own branch of the Ives Railway Lines—a system with trackage sufficient to extend from New York to San Francisco including branch lines, indoors and out, all over the country.

### lves Toys make happy boys

THERE'S an Ives Train to suit every purse and to give pleasure to boys of every age. No matter whether you have the train illustrated above, No. 704-R, with electrically-reversing locomotive and individually lighted cars, running on 2½ gauge track—or train No. 505, a snappy little train that costs only \$5.75 and runs on o-gauge track—your fun will be all the same.

THE IVES MANUFACTURING CORPORATION

191 Holland Avenue Bridgeport, Conn



### Send for fascinating booklet

Our new 32-page book in color illustrates and describes the complete line of Ives Trains and accessories, including the electrically-reversing locomotive passenger and freight cars bridges, switches, stations, automatic bell signals for crossings automatic block semaphores, etc A copy will be sent you for 10 cents. Mail the coupon today

Ives Trains are sold by toy department, electrical, and hardware stores everywhere.



The Ives Manufacturing Corporation 191 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Please mail me your 32-page railroad book illustrated in colors, showing the complete line of Ives Trains, Locomotives, Bridges, Tunnels, New Signals, etc. I enclose 10 cents (U. S. stamps or coin.)

Name.

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City ..



"Auto Lap" Seam adds the finishing touch that perfects the comfort, wearability and neatness of

Infants Shirts and Bands Children's Waists. Union Suits and Waist Union Suits Knit and Woven Fabrics

# Mothers-

VOUR BOY will like the comfort and freedom of this "M" Waist Union Suit. It's on and off in a jiffy. It will keep him warm and comfortable. suspender - like tapes carry the weight of attached clothing from the shoulders and encourage him to stand erect. The buttons are sewed on to stay, the buttonholes will not fray out. Made in various weights and qualities, (both Boys' and Girls' styles).

"M" garments also include Diaper-Supporting Bands, Infant's Shirts, Waists, Union Suits and separate garments—every underwear need from infancy to sixteen. Remember this-the red "M" trademark is a certainty of satisfaction in comfort, quality and economy. Look for it at your Dry Goods Store.

MINNEAPOLIS KNITTING WORKS Minneapolis, Minn.



UNDERWEAR for CHILDREN

VELICO SI LI CONTROLLE DE LA CONTROLLE SI DE LA CON



### KICKING BASEBALL

By Dr. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL—The Play Man Author of Play, A Book of Games, Cage Ball Book, Real Games for Real Kids, etc.

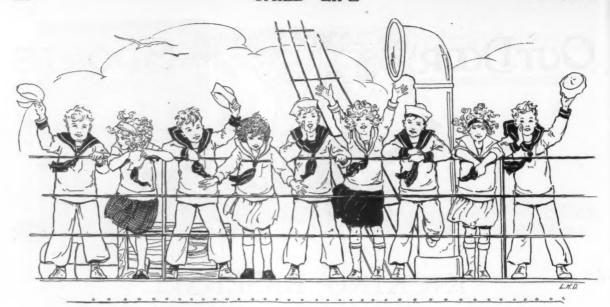
HEN the schoolhouse burned, the children of the village were, at first, much too excited to feel very sorry. The clanging of bells just about bedtime, the rush of people through the village streets and the chance to witness the thrilling fire was a big event in their lives. Later, when a second and more momentous adventure resulted, it would have been extraordinary to expect small boys and girls to express much sorrow. And then the schoolhouse was old and it had long been the plan of the town to build a new one.

This is what happened. There were meetings of the school board, with old Mr. Rockly, the richest man in town and the grandfather of Phyllis, presiding. The invitation from the church to hold school in its building was accepted. Then there was a very secret meeting of a number of the fathers and mothers. Mr. Rockly called them together, and Toppo, the famous ex-clown who was living in the village as a toy-maker, was also there. Then followed the most wonderful thing that had ever come to Toppo's playmates. They were invited to meet at Mr. Rockly's home and, when they had gathered in the old gentleman's splendid library, he turned to Toppo and said, "Now you tell them about our plan. And I do hope you can persuade them to help us with it," he smiled.

"Let me see if you are all here," began Toppo, "Jack and Carol Randolph, Bert and Elizabeth Lane, oh, yes and there is Mary Emily, Andy Miller, Dip Streeter and Fatty Wheeler—that makes eight. Now hold on to your chairs, youngsters, for I don't want any of you to faint—but this is the plan. The schoolhouse has burned and it will take several months to build a new one. Mr. Rockly is president of a steamship line and Andy Miller's father is the captain of the Silver Bell, sailing Wednesday with a cargo for Haiti. Mr. Rockly has invited us to take the trip. How many want to go?"

There wasn't a single reply but there were eight prolonged gasps from the astounded group, and then out of an excited babble of voices, Jack's shaky voice was heard, "Do—do—do you mean that we really can go on a ship—really sail, I mean—and go places?" he finished weakly.

"That's the idea," laughed Toppo. "Mr. Rockly has been kind enough to invite meand your teacher, Miss Frazer, and we pick up Phyllis in New York and Jack's cousin, Billy Foster," he added.



"But you mustn't think that it will be all play," he continued, "for you will have school every day with Miss Frazer. Then I don't know how you will thrive on hard tack and salt pork," he said with a solemn face but with a wink for Mr. Rockly.

"Gee!" sputtered Dip Streeter, "I'd eat nails or anything just to be on a ship—I never even saw one."

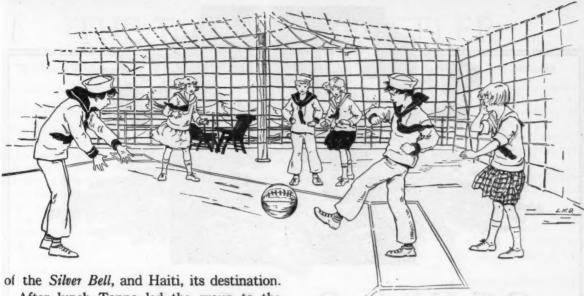
"Me too," came glowingly from Fatty Wheeler.

That is how it came about that a radiant group of village boys and girls watched with thrilled eyes all of the maneuvers incident to the departure of a ship for sea. The final bales of cargo were swung aboard and dropped into the hold. Hatches were battened down. hoarse shouts signalled to those on the dock to cast off, and under the guidance of a sturdy tug the Silver Bell eased away from the dock and out into the river. Every inch of the slow progress through the river and harbor was a delight to the young voyagers—the Statue of Liberty, the great buildings on the New York side and, for good measure, the giant Leviathan steaming past, bringing its great crowd of home-coming tourists from France and England. At last they passed Ambrose Light Ship and as evening approached the shore line faded and our adventurers were out of sight of land in the great Atlantic.

The Silver Bell was a pleasant ship, staunch

and immaculately clean, as all good ships should be. Its business was to carry freight but as an occasional passenger uses a freighter to make his port, the Silver Bell had ample accomodations for Mr. Rockly's guests. The boys had taken to their voyage very seriously and, instead of bringing hand bags and suitcases aboard, they had procured sea bags for their belongings and for their clothing they had regular sea-going togs of blue and white. They found that what Toppo had said about hard tack and salt pork was a joke, for the big ice chests of the ship had a plentiful supply of the same good things that one could get on shore.

When morning came every one of the young travellers was out of his bunk soon after dawn, getting acquainted with the friendly sailors and learning new things about life at sea. After breakfast Captain Miller. who had been busy getting his ship to sea. spent a half hour with his son's friends, telling them the things that they should know about a ship and the rules that they must observe regarding their conduct while at sea. School, which followed under the direction of Miss Frazer, was lots of fun, for it was held outdoors on a sunny part of the deck and it seemed much easier to learn in this friendly way. Geography was especially interesting for Miss Frazer used the ship's charts and the lesson was all about this particular vovage



After lunch Toppo led the group to the deck where several sailors were busily engaged enclosing a space with great pieces of net.

Captain Miller was directing the work and called out to Toppo, "How does this suit you, Old Timer?"

"Fine and dandy," approved the clown.
"I guess we can play in that without losing anything overboard."

When the net was lashed in place Toppo with an inflated basket ball in his hands called his play band together and described the game that they were to play. "Of course, just being at sea is a lot of fun," he told them, "but on long voyages a good game helps make the time pass. I am going to show you a game that I taught to the passengers on the George Washington—the ship that carried Woodrow Wilson to the Peace Conference. It is called Kicking Baseball and is played just like baseball except you use your foot for the bat and the ball is a basket ball."

With Bert and Jack as captains the teams were soon chosen and as Captain Miller said he needed the exercise he played on Jack's team and Toppo played third base for Bert. Miss Frazer proved to be a very competent umpire. The home plate was a rectangle three feet long and two feet wide, chalked on the deck. The bases, of course, were not very far apart. The ball was not blown up very hard for. as Toppo explained. a hard ball

kicked in that small space might be stopped by a nose instead of the hands, and to make the game safe the ball was soft. The pitcher had to roll the ball to the batter who would kick it and run to first base, as in the national game. He was not permitted, however, to steal a base as he could in the regulation game but had to wait until another batter had kicked the ball.

It developed into an exciting game and the youngsters enjoyed it most when they succeeded in putting Captain Miller or Toppo out. It required ten innings to settle the game for the score was tied at 5-5 in the ninth. It was Mary Emily's feeble bunt in the last half of the tenth that brought Captain Miller in with the winning run. It also brought a big laugh from both teams, for Toppo in his eagerness to field the ball sprawled on the deck.

"Gee, that was fun," cried Dip Streeter.

"I'm going to teach the Bens Grove kids to play it when I get back."

"Say, tomorrow's Saturday and no school," exclaimed Billy Foster "and, we can play all day."

"Guess again, you young pirates," said Captain Miller in his fiercest sea-going manner, "There will be no playing tomorrow until you have washed your clothes. Every sailor has to wash his own—and that's your first job tomorrow."



# Off With One Head— On With Another

An Entirely Different Doll With Each Change

#### Nothing Else So Nice For Christmas or Birthday

A Famlee family is lots more fun than any other doll you ever saw or played with. Instead of staying-always-the-same, it changes into an entirely different doll whenever you wish.

Sounds like magic. But it is very easy. To make the change all you have to do is change heads—and change the dress or costume. The Famlee Doll has one body—but you can have three, five, seven or twelve different heads and costumes for it. Each head screws on and off at the neck—you can take it off and put another on as often as you like.

You can change from Little-Miss-From-Holland to Black-Boy-Sam-or to FunnyFace-Clown, Ching-Ching-Chinaman, Little-Sweet-Face, and so on through all the lovable and life-like characters in each family or set.

Never before anything like it. You can't help loving a Famlee family—many dolls in one—and also a game. There simply isn't anything else so nice for Christmas—or for your birthday, if that comes first. Ask Mother if she doesn't think so too.

Each character in the Famlee family walks and talks. Stands 16 inches high. Unbreakable. A quality doll throughout—heads, body, clothes. Each Famlee family comes in a pretty box with one body and three, five, seven or twelve changeable heads, with a special dress or costume for each head. Extra heads and costumes to add to the family can

be bought at any time.

Ask to see the Famlee families at Department and Toy Stores. Or write for free Doll-alogue—showing and describing Famlee families or sets.

The Famlee Doll

A Whole Family of Dolls in One
A Brand New and Patented Idea

Berwick Doll Company

Makers of the Famles Doll
Dept. 18, 482 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

#### DOLL GIVES SONG RECITAL

The music-loving toys of Toytown were given a rare treat last Friday evening at Diddledimple Hall, when Miss Tralala Van Screamer, she with the gold-plated voice, was heard in a program of delightful songs. At the close of the recital Miss Van Screamer was presented with a bouquet of second-hand cheesecloth violets by one of her admirers.

Several bears were seen leaving the hall with onions in their paws



after the concert, and upon being questioned admitted that they intended firing the vegetables at Tralala had the singing been worse. The program follows:

I. Bananas, Bananas

Everywhere . . . . Dinksnooter

2. Elephant's Ear-

rings ..... McFishcake

3. Butcherman, Cheat Thou

Me Not.....Van Hash

4. Um Diddy Dum

Dum . . . . . . . . Googleskippy

5. Go Home, Little Worm,

Go home . . . . . Spinkyplunk

#### CHINESE DOLLS OPEN LAUNDRY

Fu Ling and Jo King, two little gentlemen dolls imported from China, arrived in Toytown last week. They were here no longer than two days when they rented a grocery box and hung out a sign to the effect that they would wash and iron toy clothes at reasonable prices.

On the opening day the first at Binky, and what do you supcustomers were greatly amused at a very soiled rag doll who tried to the turkey hit the wall and broke Jillylily.

explain to the puzzled Chinese laundry dolls that her dress was painted on her, and offered to have her little mamma knock the cotton stuffing out of her if the Chinamen would permit her to jump into the suds and then ride through their wringer.

"No likee do that," grinned Fu Ling. "Mighty hurty litty girly.

Biggy wringer squeezy too tighty!"
"Miggiddy ully galump," said Jo
King, which must have been funny,
for Fu Ling laughed so hard that
his teeth bumped into his ears, as
he turned to wash a pair of earmuffs belonging to a Toytown
monkey.

#### TEDDIES HAVE THANKGIVING FEAST

Do you know the four white bears who live together in an old dry goods box near Noah's Ark? They are brothers, with the charming name of Bumpyheddy. There are Binky Bumpyheddy, Banky Bumpyheddy, Bunky Bumpyheddy and Boogy Bumpyheddy.

A few mornings ago Binky Bumpyheddy was crossing the street on his way to the store to buy a toothpick, when he suddenly gave a shout of delight as he discovered a most deliciously cooked Thanksgiving turkey lying on the sidewalk.

"What a find! What a find!" he cried as he turned a somersault to show how glad he was. "Now we can have a real Thanksgiving dinner." So he picked up the bird and carried it home to his three brothers.

"Oh, goodie! Goodie-ee! Goodie-ee-ee!" screamed Banky and Bunky and Boogy. "We'll eat it now, if not sooner." So Binky, being the finder, started to put his knife in first, but the bird was so hard that the blade was bent. Then Banky tried to pull off a turkey leg, but the bird remained whole. Bunky rushed up boldly and jumped on it with both feet, but it only rolled off the platter. Boogy picked it up in despair and threw it wildly at Binky, and what do you suppose happened. Binky dodged and the turkey hit the wall and broke

in two pieces, and a shower of gumdrops fell out of it.

"Why, it's a candybox!" howled the bears. "And we thought it was a real turkey."

"I should rather have gumdrops any day," laughed Binky as he grabbed one and ate it.

"So should I!" screamed Banky as he devoured two at once.

"And so should I!" shouted Bunky as he reached for a big juicy red one.

Well, so should-ahoo-kahoo-



kahook!" blurted Boogy as he tried to swallow six gumdrops at once and nearly choked on the most joyful Thanksgiving dinner the Bumpyheddy bears ever had.

#### CARDBOARD COW-RUNS AWAY

Jillylily Jinks owns a beautiful cardboard farm on the outskirts of Toytown. Jillylily herself is a cardboard doll with the pinkiest pink cheeks and the bluiest blue eyes you ever could imagine. She loves her cardboard farmhouse, her hairpin windmill, her paper pigs, her tin fence, and her green tissue paper grass. But with all these blessings Jillylily is sad, for her pet cardboard cow, Geraldine, has disappeared.

"Of course," sighed Jillylily, "there's no use making a secret of the fact that a cardboard cow is no earthly good; but people wouldn't believe this was really a farm if there were no cow to prove it, now, would they?"

So, Geraldine, old cow, if you should read this, go back to Lillylily



In all the years we've been in the toy business, we've learned just the things children like best. We've selected the ones we know will please, and packed stockings chock-full, all ready for you to hang up.

#### HERE IT IS

A big twenty-five-inch stocking, bound in red and green, full to the very brim with honest-to-goodness playthings. All ready and waiting to bring the joyous gleam of Christmas happiness to children's eyes. Everything in the stocking "works," is useful, attractive and worthwhile.

#### HOURS OF AMUSEMENT

Just the kinds of things children take delight in—the kind you'll find them playing with in preference to the big, costly toys. Tea-sets, games, bubble-pipes, molding sets—a thousand and one novelties. Every stocking with a different assortment.

#### THE COST IS SMALL

These stockings are complete. No bother. No looking around for novelties. Easier Christmas shopping. More fun for the entire family. Yet the whole thing, gathered and packed in this big, colorful Christmasy stocking only costs you One Dollar (\$1.00) delivered at your door.

Order by the coupon below. Send it in today, When the stockings come lay them away and have one Christmas worry off your mind. But please don't delay. The more time we have, the better stockings we can make up for you.

#### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Return the stocking if it does not satisfy you in every respect and we will gladly refund your money.

#### AMMIDON & CO.

"The forty-eight year old house"
31 S. Frederick St., BALTIMORE, MD.

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	5.7		
Christmas	Stockings at \$1.00 ea be returned.	please send m ch. If not sat	sisfactory my
Name		*********	

#### DR. FRANKLIN'S PARTY

(Continued from page 669)

"an you have neither buttons nor tape?" "I sell words, wise and foolish," the old

man told her. "Although many words won't fill a bushel, vet there is oft-times a use for them in this world."

At this even Sally Ann felt that she was being played with, and she tugged at Jennifer's

"Let's run!" she begged. "The peddler

will be gone an we do not hasten."

"Ave. lost time is never found again," said the stranger. "But you'll catch no hare by running away from it. The peddler is down the street, not up. You'll meet with him at the half-way house 'twixt New York and Philadelphia."

Hand in hand the two girls ran off, to be followed in more leisurely fashion by their

new friend.

They arrived breathless at John Gifford's inn to find others on the same errand. It was long since such a well-stocked pack had been seen in the town, and Jennifer, modest and shy, stood to one side, at a loss to make her wants known.

"Thou'lt get naught save the leavings!" Sally Ann warned her, but she was so conscious of her recent mistake that she made no attempt to set about Jennifer's business for her.

Some of the rougher lads of the town, seeing the two standing apart from the merry, jostling throng, thought the occasion a good one for making game of those who were upon what they counted the losing side.

"Ho ho," one of them shouted, "See who's here. Her most Royal Highness the Queen, to be sure-" He doffed a ragged cap and swept the dust at Jennifer's feet.

"Call her not queen," another interposed. "'Tis too much honour for such as she."

"And that's the truth," a larger lad nodded. "Unless she is minded to be queen of the raggle taggle lot her father is out with."

Jennifer shrank closer to Sally Ann. She was too proud to cry or run, and knew not what insult to expect next; but her meekness only set the bad boys on to greater daring and they crowded around her sure that they had found a safe butt.

(Part III of Dr. Franklin's Party will appear in the December issue of CHILD LIFE)

#### CARELESS CREATURES COLUMN



#### CHRISTOPHER CROCODILE

HELEN COWLES LECRON

CHRISTOPHER CROCODILE isn't polite!

(Oh, dear! Isn't it sad?)

He yawned in the face of his Grandma tonight!

Wasn't young Christopher bad?

Christopher ought to have lifted his paw,

(My sakes! Didn't he know?)

And covered his yawn, for his Grandmother saw!

Yes, and it troubled her so!



### LINCOLN LOGS

### \$100 The Building Toy that \$400 fits in with all other toys

The GIRLS build houses and chairs for their dolls.

The Boys erect bridges for the trains, forts for the soldiers and farm buildings and fences for the animals.

They build permanent things that may be used for gifts, such as flower boxes, bird houses, etc.

It is a joy to the child to find he can build a real cabin.

It is good fun for the older children to create an article not suggested in the Design Book.

Even the grown folks fall under their spell.

Shut-in children build houses in their laps or on the bed.

The restless little person on the train quiets down as he builds on the cover of the box.

The sand on the shore is an ideal playground for the LINCOLN LOGS owner who has a toy that may be used for rafts and still not rust.

#### In the Last Annual Prize Competition



Helen Hults of Sterling won \$25.

Second prize went to Robert Hieronymus of Champaign. \$10 went to Canada for Master Ronald Sniffen of Toronto. An Evanston lad of seven, Alfred Price, won fourth place. Children with LINCOLN LOGS are never at a loss for something to do. The possibilities are unlimited.

### The Child Builds the House The House Builds the Child

STANDARD 1-A SET—Consists of 50 logs, roof, and design book This set will build cabins, barns, fences, ec. Attractively bossed \$1 delivered.

COMBINATION SET—Consists of 234 logs, 2 roofs, chimney and design book of many different buildings. Attractively bound. 34 delivered.

Go to your Dealer or send Coupon today to make your boy or girl happy

Room 104, 232 E. Erie St., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail at once postage prepaid:

Lincoln Logs Combination set for \$

them after five days. Send to

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### WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

HANKSGIVING time brings a fascinating feast to CHILD LIFE readers. You will find two new departments in this number-Hearthstone Tales and the Careless Creatures' Column. Stories that happened in long-ago days are nearly always the most interesting kind of stories, aren't they? And "Tabitha's Thankfulness," written by our own MARGARET WARDE, is exactly that kind. You and little brother and sister will surely chuckle over JOHN GEE'S portrait of Christopher Crocodile. (He took it just when Careless Chris. was yawning in the face of his grandmother.) Then turn to the jolly LEROY JACKSON jingles with their irresistible pictures by RAY APPEL. After this you will read the very lovely poems by such real poets as DIXIE WILLSON and MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN and start the interesting new serial, "The Adventure of Bouncer." And of course you will want to read the Thanksgiving play, "The Pack Rat of Tuolumne," "The Music Fairy" and "Dr. Franklin's Party." Such noted writers as EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER, author of "Wild Heart," "On Autumn Trails" and "Adventures in Captivity," GEORGE H. GARTLAN, Director of Public School Music of New York City, and DR. and MRS. KNIPE, authors of many popular books for boys and girls, surely know how to write good stories, don't they?

Children's Book Week comes this month and your mother and father and teacher and librarian will be ever so much interested in PADRAIC COLUM'S article on literature for boys and girls. Mr. Colum, the Irish poet and critic, has established himself firmly as one of the best writers for children of our time, and needs no introduction here.

Half-past Thanksgiving and then a quarter-to-Christmas! Next month your Christmas CHILD LIFE will be brim-full of Christmas stories and plays and games and cut-outs. Bouncer and Jesse and Sam will have an adventure with Indians and with sinking sands. Benjamin Franklin, in the Knipe story, will come to Jennifer's rescue and plan a spring surprise. NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH'S little heroine's house will be moved to the seaside at Christmas time for a change of scene. Then there will be a delectable story, "The Corn that Popped" by the well-known writer, FRANCES R. STERRETT, and all sorts of other surprises in your Christmas CHILD LIFE. You will enjoy every single page.

Two other fine stories by famous writers will appear in CHILD LIFE soon—one maybe next month! One is HUGH LOFTING'S "New Adventures of Dizzy Lizzie," which tells all about this crazy heroine's funny experiences with Anxious Aggie, Ali Boobi and Professor Foozle and his cat in Cracko-Crazenia. And the other is AUGUSTA SEAMAN'S "The Adventure of the Seven Key Holes"—which is just exactly as good as it sounds!







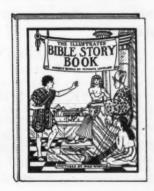


# A Shelf of Books for Your Very Own

DON'T you love to snuggle up in a big chair these cool evenings with a good book to read and wouldn't you like to have a brand new one without having to ask Daddy to buy it for you? You can have any one of these books listed below or all of them—books so full of delightful stories and so beautifully illustrated that you will read them over and over.

Take this copy of CHILD LIFE and hurry right to the mothers and fathers of the boys and girls who always borrow your CHILD LIFE Tell them how much you enjoy the stories, and how much fun you have with the cut-outs and how much you love the contests. Show them "Outdoor Sports" "History Hall," "In Music Land," "Who's Who in the Zoo." They will see how much CHILD LIFE would mean to their boys and girls and will want to sign an order blank and give you a check right away.

One new subscription with the check for \$3.00 will bring you your choice of any of the books in the list below (except "Illustrated Bible Story Book," which requires two new subscriptions.) For each additional order and check for \$3.00 you may have another book.



ALICE IN WONDERLAND
Lewis Carroll (Windermere Series)

KING ARTHUR AND HIS
KNIGHTS Meude Redford Allen

HEIDI, Johanna Spyri (Windermere

ADVENTURES OF SONNY BEAR Frances Margaret Fox

THE THREE MUSKETEERS
Alexandre Dumas (Windermere

KIPLING'S BOY STORIES

Rudyard Kipling
GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

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HANS BRINKER OR THE SILVER SKATES Mary Mapes Dodge KIDNAPPED, Robert Louis Stevenson ROBINSON CRUSOE, Daniel Defoe TRUE BEAR STORIES

Joaquin Miller
EARLY CANDLELIGHT STORIES
Stella C. Shetter

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES Robert Louis Stevenson

HOW THE ANIMALS CAME TO THE CIRCUS, - Elizabeth Gale

ANT VENTURES OF AN ANT Blanche Elizabeth Wade. Illus trated by Harrison Cady

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE STORY
BOOK, - Seymour Loveland (For
two subscriptions)



A EARLY ALL

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STORIES

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Gentlemen :-

Enclosed find \_\_\_\_\_\_subscriptions to CHILD LIFE to be sent to the names and addresses written plainly on the attached sheet. Please send the books checked to me.

Name.

Street

City...

State



Do You Know How-

to teach children promptly to obey all commands? to keep child from crying? to develop initiative in child?

to suppress temper in children without punishment?

to discourage the "why" habit in regard to commands?

to prevent quarreling and fighting?

to cure impertinence? Discourtesy? Vulgarity?

to encourage child to talk?

to correct mistakes of early training?

to teach punctuality? Perse-

to instruct children in the

BRINGING up your children is the most important thing in your life. Think how much is at stake—the whole future of those precious little lives!

Whether you can be proud of your boys

Whether you can be proud of your boys and girls depends far more upon intelligent handling than upon inheritance—far more upon the qualities you help your children acquire than upon the qualities they are born with.

#### Authoritative Guidance Instead of Guessing

In matters of food and clothing and hygiene, young mothers try to guard against mistakes by seeking authoritative guidance. They read books. They consult doctors. Obedience, truthfulness, courtesy, self-confidence, determination, and all the qualities that make for character, success and happinessare surely equally important. Why not seek equally authoritative guidance?

### The New Way is Easy for Both Parent and Child

We all know that in our school rooms from kindergarten to college—modern methods have made teaching much simpler and easier—and also more fascinating and interesting—because they have made it easier for the pupil to understand and learn. And now new methods are doing the same thing in the home—making home training easier and more interesting both for parent and child.

New methods endorsed by high authorities same time for busy mothers and fathers instead of taking time.

#### Costs Only a Stamp to Get Full Information

Intelligent parents owe it to themselves and their children at least to investigate these methods. To make that easy, a

book has been written which tells about them—a book that will cost you nothing whatever except the postage to ask for it.

whatever except the postage to ask for it.

The title of this free book is "New Methods in Child Training." You will find it one of the most interesting books you ever had in your hands. It explains new methods from A to Z—shows the simple fundamental principles back of them—how they are already in daily use in thousands of homes—

in thousands of homes—how they may help smooth out difficulties, regardless of a child's age, type or temperament—how they suggest methods for overcoming wrong habits or tendencies that have already got a start, as well as for preventing such habits from getting a start. No matter what phase of child training may be puzzling you, these new methods will suggest a practical solution for your oroblem.

#### Coupon for Your Convenience

If you are anxious to train your children in a way that will bring suc-

cess and happiness to them and to you—
if you want to make all this easy, write for
this free book. That will take you only a
minute and cost you only a postage stamp, but it
may result in making a vast difference in the lives
of your children, now and in years to come. Simply mail the coupon or send your name and address
on a postal card...

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION
Dept 9611 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION, Dept. 9611, Pleasant Hill, Ohio						
Please send m Training," free.				Meti ate m	nods i	n Chil
Name						
Address						
City		9	tate			
Cheek this s						

Check this square if you would also like to receive full information about the Beery Educational Play-Box, an amasing New Kind of Play, now being offered at a Special Low Price.

#### THE MUSIC FAIRY

(Continued from page 681)

wonderful chords, and the sparkling melody—full of the joyousness of life! On and on went the lovely strain. When it was over the little music club applauded and applauded!

"More, we want more!" they cried.

"Next time, my dears, next time!"

Just then Lorraine's mother announced that ice cream and cake would be served in the dining room. It had been a wonderful party. The rain. which no one had thought of was over. And the sun was shining.

W

#### THANKSGIVING

MARGARET MUNSTERBERG

THE TURKEY is my favorite bird.
And mince my favorite pie,
And cranberry my favorite sauce—
I wonder why!

I'm thankful for them all—aren't you?

And for the stuffing, too!

W

#### A BOY'S THANKS

MARJORIE M. LA FLEUR

I'M THANKFUL that the turkey was

The biggest Dad could buy;

I'm thankful that I saved some room

For nuts and pun'kin pie;
I'm thankful, too, the ol' mill pond
Was frozen hard this noon,—
But most of all I'm thankful
That Christmas comes so soon!





"Little puppies Pekingese Which would you like best of these? All, attention, if you please, Sun Dogs of ancient Chinese."

\$35 and up, photos from MRS. G. KRAEMER 2269-A Metropolitan Ave., Middle Village, L. I.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY. Two hundred page illustrated dog book about world's trated dog book about world s largest kennels and its famous strain of Corang Airedales specially trained as companions, watch-dogs, automobile guards, stock drivers, hunters, retrievers. Ten cents postage brings book with price lists of trained dogs, puppies, supplies, feeds, medicines, etc.

**OORANG KENNELS** Box 64, LA RUE, OHIO

#### "Strong Heart" Police Dogs



"Character plus Appearance."
You can pay more but you can't
get a better dog.

SUN BEAM FARM TRONG HEART KENNELS East Pike, New Brunswick, N.J.

#### **CHOW CHOW PUPPY**

"The Only Live Teddy Bear

An all year delight. The best pet of all for children.

Send for Pictures and Information WAVING WILLOW KENNELS
Grand Ave. South Englewood, N. J.

#### POLICE DOGS



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Sturdy northern stock with over thirty champions and grand champions in pedigree.

VAN DEN NORDEN KENNELS Ashland, Wisconsin

#### CHILD LIFE

### Dog Stories

#### BUDDY

HAVE a little dog, Whose name is Buddy When he goes for a walk He always gets muddy.

Then I give him a bath, It always makes him cry, For his hair is so long Can't you hear him ki-yi?

LOUISE COLLIER Age 10 Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### **TEDDY**

I HAVE a little dog His name is Teddy He goes to bed When he gets ready.

JUNE RHINOCK New Rochelle, N. Y. Age 8

#### MY DOG

Y DOG is the finest

That I have ever met There may be other doggies fine

But they are not so nice as mine.

AUDREY ALLEN. Age 8 Santa Barbara, California

CHILD LIFE wants each of its little readers to have the companionship of a dog and will be only too glad to answer any inquiries pertaining to the selection of one of these loyal pets for your household. Just write to CHILD LIFE Dog Department, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.



What makes Molly so happy? I'm sure you don't have to be told, for those two collie puppies answer the question. They came from

#### COLLIE KENNELS Bloomington, Ill.

Why don't you write to Sunnybrae? They have fine collie puppies like these at reasonable prices. Buy a collie and you will be sure that you are getting the best kind of a playmate. Mr. F. R. Clarke, owner of the kennels, has written a book on Dog Training, which he will send to you for 35c. He would be glad to receive a retter from you.

#### Russian Wolfhound Puppies

Bred from the very best imported strains. Puppies ready for shipment. Prices Reasonable

ARKANSAS VALLEY KENNELS

Dept. A-1
D. C. Davis, Prop.
Cimarron, Kan

#### WHITE COLLIE PUPPIES

Beautiful, sturdy, country-bred. Ready for delivery. Sired by Janchowsky's Rex. \$10, \$15, \$20.

MRS. ELIZABETH BOUTWELL R 14, Valley Park, Mo.

#### GERMAN POLICE DOGS and Pups for Sale

Buy a puppy and make the children happy.
Write for price list.

C. N. WILLARD Mt. View Kennel Middleville, N. Y.



Chattanooga

COLLIES Safest dog for children.

#### Champion-Bred POLICE DOGS

FOR SALE—A few puppies from a mating in which the best champion blood lines of Germany, Austria and Holland are represented.

Write today for full descriptive circular

HELLO KENNELS

#### **PEKINGESE**

This Is Me

I may be little and soft and plump, But my heart is big and true. My mistress says now I'm quite big

enough To leave my dear mother—for you.



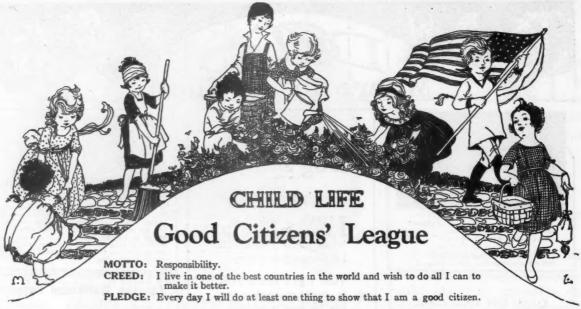
Write at once for descriptions and pictures from the largest and best appointedikennels in the World.
\$25 up

MRS. HARRIE A. BAXTER
Telephone Caledonia 6169
Grent Neck, Long Island, or
347 Fifth Avenue, New York City

#### HIGHNOON WHITE COLLIES

are ideal playmates for children and what better companion could a child have. Strong, healthy, vigorous, beautiful. Just drop a note to—

THE HIGHNOON
WHITE COLLIE KENNELS
1619 Glenwood Ave. Youngstown, O.



#### The School Republic

To the Members of the Good Citizens' League:

I am glad to have been asked to send a message to you, and shall take my cue from a letter from Virginia Brown, a little girl in a small city near Cleveland.

Late in July, Virginia's uncle parked just ahead of us on the Lincoln Highway, at the summit of the Alleghanies.

These thousand mile auto trips make travelers friendly and communicative. She said to me, "That was a long hard pull up the mountain!" I replied, "Yes, indeed! Where did you come from?" She answered, "From Youngstown, Ohio, where my uncle and aunt live, but I do not live there." I said, "I think you are in the seventh grade and that your schoolroom is governed by your teacher, as if she were queen of a little monarchy, and I wish it were a little republic instead, and that the children were treated as citizens."

She was interested, confirmed my guesses and asked how her schoolroom could be governed as a republic. I told her that for Uncle Samuel I had organized several thousand of his schoolrooms as republics in the SPIRIT and by the PLAN of the Constitution of the United States, that the children enjoy being reresponsible citizens, and the teachers are glad to be relieved of the task of maintaining discipline.

Virginia was more and more interested, and wanted to know what the SPIRIT and PLAN of the Constitution are, and was still more interested when I said the SPIRIT is that of the Golden Rule, and the

#### Message to CHILD LIFE Good Citizens

From JNO. J. TIGERT United States Commissioner of Education

I am glad to know that you have formed a Good Citizens' League. Our country needs good citizens more then anything else. Good citizens are worth more than factories, buildings, and even railroads. If you learn to be a good citizen when you are little, you will certainly be a good citizen when you grow up. In the years that are coming you will be able to render the same kind of service to your country as men like Washington and Lincoln have rendered in the past.

#### A GOOD CITIZEN

#### AT HOME

good citizen makes his home happy and comfortable.

- 1. I washed dishes
- 3. I made a bed.
- 4. I swept the floor. 5. I scrubbed the floor.
- 6. I swept the perches and walks.
- 7. I scrubbed the perches and walks. 8. I brought in coal or weed.
- 3. I went to the store for Mother.
- 10. I took care of baby for at least an hour. 11. I took part in an Armistice Day celeration.
- 13. I mended the walk.
- 14. I mended the fence
- 15. I watered the plants.
- 16. I cleaned up the yard. 17. I fed the chickens.
- 18. I gathered the eggs
- 18. I hung up my hat and coat.
  29. I was cheerful when corrected.
  21. I came at once when called.
  22. I went to bed on time.
  23. I get up at once when called.

- 24. I helped to make a poor family happy Thanksgiving.

25. I read about one of the heroes whose birthday comes in November.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a cod citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly good citizensing deed is recorded. In emonthiny Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 250 points during twelve consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper, then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your October list of good deeds in time to reach us by November 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll. PLAN is that all of the people shall govern by their votes, and have a legislature to make laws, an executive to see that the laws are obeyed, and a court to settle difficulties. When I reached home, I sent her a school city charter and other printed mat-

ter which she acknowledged in the following words:

"We had a wonderful trip, and I am now visiting my grandma in Youngstown.

"I thank you for the copy of "The THIRD ACT of the American Revolution" and other printed matter.

"I will try my best to interest my teacher, and shall go to our school superintendent and try to interest him, too.

"I will let you know how I succeed."

In reply, I sent a petition to the school authorities to be signed by the pupils and their parents, and printed matter for the editors of their two daily newspapers.

You will find some details for organizing school cities, in my article in the October number of CHILD LIFE and I hope that many of you will follow Virginia's lead.

When I have the opportunity, I will tell you of some school republics in other parts of our country, and some other countries, too.

Your faithful friend,

WILSON L. GILL. President, American Patriot League and Inventor of the School Republic.

#### Great Birthdays in November

Louisa M. Alcott-Nov. 29, 1832 William Cullen Bryant-Nov. 3, 1794 Robert La Salle—Nov. 22, 1643
Martin Luther—Nov. 10, 1483
Ignace Jan Paderewski—Nov. 6, 1860
Franklin Pierce—Nov. 23, 1804
James Knox Polk—Nov. 2, 1795
Zachary Taylor—Nov. 24, 1784
Mark Twain—Nov. 30, 1835
Schiller—Nov. 10, 1759
Robert Louis Stevenson—Nov. 13, 1850
Oliver Goldsmith—Nov. 10, 1728
George Eliott—Nov. 22, 1819
Grace Darling—Nov. 24, 1815

#### League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages and addresses you send us. Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

#### Suggested Branch League Activities

Since "The Home" is the November subject for the members of the league, the boys might give a Father and Son banquet or picnic for their fathers, the girls a Mother and Daughter banquet or picnic for their mothers. If your branch league is composed of both boys and girls, you might invite your parents to a party. On Armistice Day you might organize a parade or ask that your members be allowed to ride or march together in a parade someone else has suggested. For Thanksgiving you would enjoy preparing baskets for one or more needy families in your community.

#### Good Citizen's League Honor Roll

The following members earned twenty-five or more Honor Points during August: Anderson, Donald, Jr. Lewis, Genevieve Mehring, A. Louise Anderson, Evelyn Anderson, Mary Eloise Mentz, Clare Adele Morrow, Eleanore Douglas, Frances H. Finley, Harold M. Priest, Margaret Frank, Rosalie Brown Roys, Edith Hall, Barbara Shay, Walter Victor Struogis, Matilda Kremer, June Wall, Pauline Kruger, Edward Yeiter, Charlotte

#### Honor Roll of States

North Dakota won first place among the states in August for the number of Honor Points won by its residents and Iowa won second place.



Bridler Chicago

### You Can Win This Doll, Too!

"You're mine - and I earned you all myself!" Lois whispered.

And she hugged me very close. Then she smoothed my lacy organdie dress, put on my bonnet and patted my beautiful bobbed hair until I simply had to speak.

"Ma-ma!" I said happily, and I closed my eyes, while she hugged me extra hard.

"You can talk and you are twenty inches tall," she went on. "If I hold your hands you can really walk. And best of all—you won't break!"

I kept right on smiling.

"And think of all the other girls that can have a doll just like you—without paying money! All they have to do is to take CHILD LIFE to their friends' mothers and show them what fun they have with all the stories, games, plays, clubs and cut-outs. If they show them History Hall, Musicland, and Good Citizens' League, why, they'll want the magazine for their boys and girls. Mothers help get subscriptions, too."

I blinked my eyes.

"And then," Lois added, "when they just send four of their friends' new yearly subscriptions for CHILD LIFE to the Doll Lady with the \$12 they collected for them—a beautiful doll—your twin sister—will come to them by parcel post in the very next mail."

I nodded-almost.

Just then the Camera Man came to take a picture of us so that all of you can see just how I look. And I know you'll all-send this coupon to the Doll Lady right away and find out just how to get the loveliest doll you ever owned.

Doll Lady: CHILD LIFE, Dept. D-9 \$36 South Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.	
Please tell me how I can get the doll for my right away.	y very own, and send me order blanks
Name	
Street address	
City	State

### YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



DIANE is such an attractive little paper doll. The other dolls love her, because not one of them can create interesting games or tell fairy tales like Diane. She also helps choose the materials and even plans her own dresses.

Mother never would have thought of velvet for the dress she is wearing, but Diane did and now they are both sure it was just the thing for Pattern 4712 (sizes 8-14 years). The cape collars are made of white crepe de chine. You can see for yourself it is a most alluring little frock.

Diane is particularly fond of her wool crepe dress, made from Pattern 4751 (sizes 6-10 years). It is much more child-like than her velvet dress, hanging straight from the neck to the hem, and trimmed with stitching of darker wool yarn and buttons the same color. Wasn't it nice that enough material was left over so that her doll could have one just

like it? Every Saturday afternoon Diane goes over to the hospital for crippled paper dolls and teaches them how to make paper flowers. Of course, she wants-to look her very sweetest, so wears a dress of silk crepe. It is made from Pattern 4753 (sizes 6-12 years). The long-waisted overblouse ties on each side in large soft, bows. It is trimmed with hemstitching and a very simple design in drawnwork. "What a dear paper doll" they say, "And such pretty clothes!" "And we bought every pattern from CHILD LIFE," says Diane.

These Patterns for dresses for you are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to:

CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand M9Nally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

# On the Turkey Trail



#### DIRECTIONS

DASTE the page on the back of an old magazine cover; then put it against a window pane and mark, on the wrong side, part of the outline of each figure. For instance, outline the little girl's head and one edge of her skirts and you will have enough to guide you in pasting

on the other half of the little girl. Fold the figures up on the dotted line. Put a lollypop stick or a skewer through a spool of thread and into a potato, cut in half to make a firm base. Slip the circle on the stick and as you wind the thread on an empty spool, everybody will chase the turkey.



#### Conducted by HELEN B. PAULSEN-The Mother Goose Lady

In studying the childhood of today and comparing it with our childhood and that of our parents and grandparents, we need to keep in mind the important fact that now the child is recognized as an individual with individual rights. We have at last arrived at the true meaning of the Bible phrase, "A little child shall lead them," that is, lead those who have charge of him.

We know that we should not bring up children in the way we think they should go, for we have found that this method is not successful. Besides, it is contrary to the Bible formula, the essence of which is that we must train up a child in the direction of his own way, then when he is old he will not depart from it. This rendition of Prov. 22:6 is translated directly from the original Hebrew. Its practical application would result in parents taking their children's natural aptitudes into consideration and in a more adequate preparation for life on the part of our boys and girls.

The periods of development and the tendencies of the child of today are practically the same as those of the child of yesterday. The law of balance is ever operative. The first seven or eight years of a boy's and girl's life belong to the mother. She is their model and their law. Does the modern mother give to her children and receive from them as much as did the mothers of past generations? If she does not, can she find the cause and help to remedy it in her own home with her own children?

From eight to twelve or fourteen years of age the boy belongs to his father. He tries to be like him and wants him for a pal. Does the father think in terms of his boy and his development today more than did his father? Is he a better companion to his son? Does the boy have a greater opportunity to follow his own bent, guided by the steady hand of his father? If the child is understood, the parents permit him to develop his bent at the time it manifests itself. To illustrate, a boy of ten wanted a pair of heavy boots such as the men wear when they do things which seem worth while in the eyes of a ten-year-old. The mother said, "Oh, no, gentlemen do not wear such coarse shoes." The boy silently vowed, "Just wait until I am twenty-one and I'll have those boots." At twenty-one he did and wore them until they were worn out. Telling of the episode, he said, "I wore at twenty-one the shoes I should have worn at ten simply because I was not allowed to pass through the stage as a normal child should."

From eight to ten years of age the girl's life is different from the boy's in that she chooses girl chums and plays at all the games which dramatize her future activities. If we observe the choosing of companions and activities of our girls during this period we can see the law of balance ever active. Two wealthy girls of eight and ten had always ridden in an automobile with their parents and nurse. A friend asked to take them to her home, making the trip on the street car. The joy and ecstasy of the children was as great as that when a child from our congested districts is taken riding in an automobile for the first time.

Often the rich child, as far as a balanced life is concerned,

is as starved as a child of the very poor. If given the opportunity, the children will offset the handicaps placed upon them by the adults. Many times we suppress children's natural desires to such an extent that they crop out in some undesirable trait of character. We see so often children of rich parents, provided with every toy that mechanical genius can make, desirous of the home-made playthings and the rag dolls, while on the other hand, children not surrounded by luxury, will show in their hand work a preference for that which they do not have.

Do the young people of today seem to be lacking in moral fiber? There is a story of President Coolidge which will help all parents in working out this problem, whether they are living on a farm or in an apartment house. In the nomination speech Marion Leroy Burton said, "From his youth up he learned that self-restraint is a necessity for useful living as well as for civilization. His father tells an incident which throws a flood of light upon his early training. It was the boy's duty each day to provide an ample supply of firewood for the kitchen stove. On one occasion, in the middle of the night, his father found the son at this task because he had failed to provide the wood for the coming morning. Stern duty was on his conscience. He early learned that obedience is essential in a well-ordered group."

It is the prerogative of the father and mother to inculcate these principles through not only talk and example but through methods of practical training in the life of the child. In our modern civilization, the laws of its machinery and complex life make it not easy, but it can be done if parents realize that they are developing future citizens.

From twelve to seventeen or eighteen the boy has his gangs—his chums—and they are his law. The girl chooses the companionship of her father if the father will be her pal. Otherwise she seeks a pal outside the home group. After the seventeenth year both the young men and young women find pleasure in the companionship of each other. The father and mother will now be the silent power behind the throne.

The law of balance is ever operative with the group as well as with the individual. Society has supplied artificially much of the training formerly done in the home, namely: manual training, domestic science, millinery, Boy Scout movements, girls' organizations, camps of all kinds for boys and girls, play grounds, organized football and baseball, tennis and other games.

The little mannerisms that the children in the teen age acquire in every period when they are looking up to society folk (movie stars for the twentieth century child) are just passing fancies that tell the normal grown-up that soon the child will be an adult, ready to assume the responsibilities of worker and citizen.

The boys and girls—of this our twentieth century—have harder tasks to perform than those of any other century; and they have greater responsibilities, though they are of a different nature. They are surely entitled to more privileges and all the constructive encouragement we can give.



# The boy you want him to be

"REGULAR FELLOW"—
healthy active, brimful of vitality—a good sport in work and play
that's what you want your boy to be.

The first requisite, then, is a sound, well-nourished body.

Malnutrition is the great handicap which keeps millions of children today from developing into vigorous, sturdy men and women. On an average, one child out of every three is suffering from the menace of undernourish-

If your child is underweight—if he is listless, cross or finicky—you should at once regard it as a danger signal. Make sure first through your doctor that your child has no actual organic defects to be overcome. The correction of malnutrition then becomes largely a matter of selecting the proper food—food that is rich in nourishment, easily digested, and that your child likes.

Eagle Brand does much to fill this need. It is a familiar food that you know is pure and safe. Extensive experiments with Eagle Brand for undernourished children have proved beyond a doubt its new usefulness in combating malnutrition.

Give your children this corrective food regularly, every day. It is easiest to serve diluted, as a drink—2 tablespoonfuls to 35 cup of water. This daily ration taken between meals will build up the underweight child of any age.

### Tempting the finicky child who does not eat readily

Food that your child likes will do him twice as much good as food he is fussy about. That's why Eagle Brand is doubly effective in overcoming malnutrition. It supplies all the nourishment and energy a growing child needs, and at the same time appeals to the most finicky appetite.

Even the child who is captious or indifferent about his food will enjoy Eagle Brand. For it can be served in a variety of attractive ways that will tempt his appetite and arouse his interest in good food.

Once this interest has been aroused, new energy is developed. New energy in turn leads to greater interest and better appetite for wholesome food.

#### Ways to serve Eagle Brand

If your child does not want always to drink plain diluted Eagle Brand, you can vary it in any number of delightful ways. Serve it one day in the form of a delicious little baked custard. Another day made up in an eggnog, or flavored appetizingly with chocolate. Pour it liberally over a big dish of cereal in the morning. Children love it, too, served with all kinds of attractive gelatine desserts.

The form in which it is given is of minor importance. The principal fact to bear in mind is that the child should have at least four tablespoonfuls of Eagle Brand every day. If he takes it undiluted, be sure he drinks plenty of water.

You will find a great variety of recipes and suggestions for serving Eagle Brand—including the dishes pictured below—in Menus for Little People, one of the 3 Little Books you should write for today.

### Mothers must fight MALNUTRITION

6,000,000 children in our country—one out of every three you see—are victims of malnutrition. If malnutrition were a contagious disease, not a school could remain open.

And there lies the danger of malnutrition!

Malnutrition is invisible, insidious. You notice it tonly in its advanced stages, when underweight and lack of energy become very apparent. Long before that time malnutrition may make serious inroads on your child's health—effects that last a life-time.

Underweight is one of the most easily recognized

symptoms of malnutrition. Weigh your child and find out if he is up to normal for his height and age. Complete authoritative height and weight charts are given in the 3 Little Books, published by the Borden Company.

Unless you are sure your child is perfectly normal in weight and health, do these four things now: (1) Order Eagle Brand from your grocer and start feeding it at once. (2) Check up his health habits—cleanliness, sleep, fresh air, exercise and diet. (3) Take your child to the doctor for examination. (4) Send for the 3 Little Books—they tell you all about malnurition.

#### Use the coupon for the 3 Little Books

In the 3 Little Books you will find full information about mainturition and what to do for it—its cause, effects and treatment; important height and weight charts; diet and health rules; menus and recipes calory and vitamin tables, and records of the Borden experiments with mainourished children.

Menus for Little People, one of these three books, is full of interesting menus, recipes and suggestions that will prove a real boon to mothers faced with the problem of feeding children.

Send for the 3 Little Books at once. Nowhere else can you get this information. Nothing like the 3 Little Books has ever been written before. Fill out the coupon and meil it today. The Borden Company, 290 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.







#### WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

The boys spent the day in the woods gathering walnuts. Pudgy made his face brown by rubbing shucks on it. Then he made faces and took funny poses—

JUST LIKE THIS



Bud said, "Let's fix Pudgy as a wild man and show him at the club house." They hurried home, made a sign advertising the show, and Stubby carried it down the street—

JUST LIKE THIS



Red's mother's muff made him look like a real drum major and with two musicians, who could play on combs, and one, with pot covers for cymbals, they paraded around the block—

JUST LIKE THIS



Admission to the show had to be something that could be used in the club house. The audience came with some useful things and Bud made a fine manager—

JUST'LIKE THIS



Bud said, "We had a fierce time in the woods capturing this wild man. We hope he won't eat any of you, but be ready to run." The door opened, showing Pudgy—

JUST LIKE THIS



They shivered when the puppy sneaked up on the wild man's tail. They expected to see her eaten alive. She jerked the rope tail and amid shouts of laughter ran off with it—

JUST LIKE THIS





**CLUB MOTTO:** 

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CARE OF RAND MCNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

#### **NOVEMBER**

NOVEMBER is a gay old month, It brings the frost and snow; It turns to brown the scarlet leaves, And bids the song birds go.

It heaps the leaves for bonfires bright,

When dusk would end our play, And turns our happy hearts to greet

Again Thanksgiving Day.

HAZEL ALLEN POSS
Age o years Athens, Ga.

Dear Miss Rose Waldo:

I ADORE CHILD LIFE and save up my pennies just to get it every month. My mother says she likes it, too, and when the children come to my house they say, "Read it to me again," they like it so much.

Yours truly,

GERALDINE PASHGIAN
Age 7 years Pasadena, Calif.



IUNE ROSALIND DONAHUE

Dear Miss Waldo:

I ENJOY CHILD LIFE more than any magazine I have ever read. I am sending you a poem which I hope you will print.

#### **NOVEMBER**

THE corn is drying in the sun, The leaves from trees are falling,

The robin, lark, and bluebird Have ceased their summer calling

The pumpkins lie upon the ground And harvest time will soon be here The apples are in big red piles, For November's drawing near

MARY ELIZABETH ELLSWORTH Age 9½ years Minneapolis, Minn

#### THE FUNNY MAN

THE funny man has come to town

And he looks like a funny clown, And he is going to dance a jig, Yet, I do not like his wig.

JUNE ROSALIND DONAHUE
Age 8 years Houston, Texas

## Red-Riding-Hoods Keep Children Dry

THESE new Red-Riding-Hoods are of pure live rubber in the prettiest colors —red, blue, green, grey, some with contrasting trimmings.

They may be folded away in a compact little case easily slipped into a school bag or mother's hand bag.

The rubber is very strong and completely waterproof, of course. Ask for Kleinert's Red-Riding-Hood in sizes 3-4-6-8-10 or 12.



## **Mattress Protection**

Kleinert's pure gum crib sheets are guaranteed proof against water and acids.

They are equipped with grommets at the corners so they may be fastened smoothly and securely over the mattress.

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO. 485 Fifth Ave., New York Cor. 41st St.—opp, the Library



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#### A GREAT OCCASION

ONE day some years ago there was a big home-coming at Lynn. The town was all decorated with flags, bunting and pennants. There were booths and tents along the streets. There was a large merry-go-round that pleased the children and also an aeroplane that kept flying around over the city.

In the afternoon they had a large parade of many beautiful floats. Everyone admired the float driven by my uncle. His large car was entirely covered with purple and white flowers. The wheels, hood, and even the running boards were covered. Two large white swans were fastened in front with long silver lines to drive them.

Three other little girls besides myself were in the car. We were dressed in white and they carried white parasols trimmed in purple. I was only a little girl then and it was a great occasion for me when I sat in a seat arranged up high in the back of the car and drove the swans with the silver lines.

MARY CATHERINE BLY
Age 12 years Modor, Ind.



BETTY LEE KOOKEN

#### MY KITTY

ONCE I had a kitty,
His hair was long and thick;
He looked like a little lion
With his fur around his neck.

BETTY LEE KOOKEN
Bellingham, Wash.
Age 9½ years



Mother says:
"I wore 'E-Z' Waist when I was a
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I HAVE found E-Z Suits so comfortable and healthful for the children, and so satisfying from my own point of view. They are very generous in size so that the little ones can play as they please without strain on the garments, and they are the right medium weight for warmth and health.

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#### KNAPP

ELECTRIC CORPORATION

ESTABLISHED 188

130 West 42nd Street New York

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LIKE CHILD LIFE very much. Mother is going to make me a dress like one of the paper doll dresses in CHILD LIFE. My dear mother gave me a nice bird book and I saw a little bird. He was a little fluffy round bird. The top of his head, back of his neck and coat were shining black. The sides of his head and neck were white. His back was ashy, his sides were a



MARJORIE WYCKOFF

soft cream buff, and his wings and tail feathers were edged with white. His tiny bill was black and his little black eyes snapped and twinkled in a way good to see.

Please send me a letter.

Your loving reader,

MARJORIE WYCKOFF Bellmore, L. I.

P.S. I am in the fourth grade. I got go this month in nature study. I want a letter from some of the other children.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I CERTAINLY do enjoy reading CHILD LIFE. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed reading "The Crazy Story of Dizzy Lizzy," and also "The Jolly J's" and "Just Like This." I am sending a story, "A Great Occasion," and the picture. I would like very much to see the story in print.

MARY CATHERINE BLY
Age 12 years Modor, Ind.

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That color all the leaves
And make them all so beautiful
That no one o'er them grieves

All hail to the merry harvest time,
The gayest of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous
crops

Rejoicing and good cheer.

EVELYN MCGUE
Age 8 Durango, Colo.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WOULD like to join the Joy Givers' Club. I am five years old. I live at Youngstown, Canada. I am not a Canadian for I was born in Indianapolis, Indiana. My little brother, John Frederick, is, for he was born here. He will be one year old February 25. My birthday is May 4th. I enjoy reading the CHILD LIFE magazine very much.

My uncle, P. J. Weber, gave it to me for a year as a Christmas gift. He gave me many books and many, many other beautiful presents, too.

I will tell you the first story I ever told. I was nearly two years old and I said: One day Pete and Puppy went to the bridge. A big wolf was there. Pete and Puppy barked and barked and the big wolf ran away. Then Pete and Puppy sat down and ate their lunch before they went home.

I printed my first poem when I was nearly five; it was:

As Miss Henny Penny Was walking one day She stopped, Sang a song, Then went on her way.

Our school began on my birthday. Mr. Reid, my teacher, told my mother that I was the best reader in the whole school. I thought that quite a compliment for we have nine grades in our school.

I will close, sending best wishes to you and the members of the Joy Givers' Club.

Your new friend.

MARGARET ESTHER WEBER Age 5 Youngstown, Alberta, Can Dear CHILD LIFE:

JOW are you? I am all right. I like to read your magazine and I want to belong to the Joy Givers' Club and I am sending my picture that was taken at a Sunday school picnic. I am sitting on two medicine balls.

Love.

EDWARD P. HOLLAND Age 6 years Germantown, Pa.



EDWARD P. HOLLAND

#### THE CALL OF THE **FAIRIES**

N AUTUMN when the leaves are falling.

Sometimes I hear the Fairies call-

And when I wander in forests brown At length I come to the Fairies' town.

The Fairies, of course, I cannot see, But Fairies they must surely be, For on the ground by a mushroom round

The Fairies' dancing rings I see.

Then walking on, I come upon A tiny foot-print clearly drawn. It was not like your foot or mine, But very small and very fine.

When you have been quite good and true,

And feel that you have naught to

You'll feel the Fairies call to you, And then you'll know my tale is true.

> ELLEN M. SNEBLY Santa Ana, Calif.



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Name

#### CHILDREN WHO WANT **LETTERS**

Margaret Lewis, 2733 S. 60th Ct., Cicero, Ill., age 11. June Eleanor Jones, Box 573, Cleveland, Ohio. Frank J. Timmons, Jr., 10417 95th Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y., age 7.

Sara Steed, Mt. Gilead, North Carolina, Age 11. Anna Mraz, Coleman, Wisconsin, R. No. 2, Box 183,

Katherine Brooks, Angier, N. C., age 11%. Pauline Wells, 2068 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio, age 12. Mary Keith, The Orrington, Evanston, Ill., age 111/2. Charles Gray, 503 Lovelace St., Westend, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Janet Carolyn Wolf, 3107 North Mer. Buckingham, Apt. C., Indianapolis, Ind., age 10. Estelle Willmann, 2082 Estes Ave., Chicago, Ill.,

Helen Rose Berger, 1751 Radnor Road, Cleveland, Heights, Ohio, age 9.

Flora Massengill, R. No. 1, Artesia, Miss., age 11. John Tennant, Kleenburn, Wyo.

Christopher Tennant, Kleenburn, Wyo.

Zebulon Stafford, 320 Goldsborough St., Easton, Md., age 101/2. Jack Stafford, 320 Goldsborough St., Easton, Md.,

Lee Stafford, 320 Goldsborough St., Easton, Md.,

Victrine Conley, Box 85, Guilford, Fredericks, Md.,

Margaret Gillespie, Wittens Mills, Va., age 15. Louise Bowen, Wittens Mills, Va., age 15.

Veda Johnson, 103 West Broadway, Ponca City, Okla., age 12.

Charlaine Stallings, 406 North First St., Ponca City,

Emma Cloe Cook, Box 326, Graham, Tex. Mildred Baker, Sheridan Rd., Chicago, Ill., age 13.

Ada Louise Root, 6228 29th Ave., S. E., Portland,

Barbara Shelley, 13 Dutton St., Wallingford, Conn.,

Alise Jane Fiorini, 633 Wilfred Ave., Dayton, Ohio,

Pattie Harris, Mt. Gilead, N. C.

Mary Evelyn Shively, 925 West 30th St., Indianapolis Ind., age 1016.

Lucia McArdle, Olympia, Wash., age 11. Gertrude Jones, Tybee Island, Georgia.

Elizabeth Kruse, R. R. I, Box 92, Greeley, Colo.,

Caryl Rathje, 9900 Longwood Drive, Chicago, Ill., Katherine Trees, 9921 S. Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill., age 12.

Violet Eva Walther, 735 Laurance Ave., Sturgeon Bay, Wis., age 11.

Mary Jane McHarry, Eureka Springs, Ark., age 10. Elizabeth Yoder, Glenolden, Pa., age 9. Lucy E. Schaler, 502 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

Alice Mae Feathers, 112 Fulton St., Wausau, Wis.,

Julia Hyman, San Malto, Calif., age 11. Ruth Cook, 576 Rogers St., Bucyrus, Ohio, age 10. Virginia L. Smith, Lost Creek, W. Va. (Someone in the West).

Mildred Harbison, 425 Madison St., Jefferson City,

Mo., age 9. Lucille Wynn, R.F.D. 3, Glenwood, Ga. Mary Woolridge, Versailles, Tex.

Belle Schoble, Oak Lane Park, Philadelphia, Pa. Emily Estelle Mason, 717 Orange St., Macon, Ga., age 1116

Marjorie Galloway, 58 Lake Flower, Saranac Lake, N. Y., age 8. Mildred Halverson, 108 Prospect Ave., Stoughton, Wis.

yuma isenderg, Box 277, Hood River, Ore., age 10. June B. Woolrich, Fountain City, Tenn., age 3. Donna Seaman, 745 Belmont Place, Seattle, Wash. Pelores De Sailes Groke, 621 Orchard St., Portage, Pa. Wilms Isenberg, Box 177, Hood River, Ore., age 10.

Catherine E. Ball, 1329 Market St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

Mary Ellen Springer, 103 W, Walnut St., Kokomo, Ind., age 9.
Gertrude C. Terry, 779 Park Ave., Auburn, R. I.,

Bernice Toeppe, 1823 W. Sixth St., Racine, Wis.,

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(10) Helen E.

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  (4) Mary Jane Schwarts,
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  Ocean Grove, N. J.
  Age 8 years
  (10) Raiph
  Fourth

(7)

- (8)

- (21)
- (24) H

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I WOULD like to be a member of the Joy Givers' Club. I am sending a picture of myself and my bicycle. Out of 800 who entered, I won first prize at the bicycle parade for the best decorated bicycle. Will you please publish my letter and the picture?

I buy CHILD LIFE every month and look forward to the next one.

Best regards from sunny California.

GEORGE LAWSON, JR. Age 8 Stockton, Calif.



GEORGE LAWSON, Ir.

#### THE LITTLE BIRD

WHEN I went into the street one day I saw a lady about to get in her automobile. All of a sudden a little girl ran to her chauffeur and begged the chauffeur not to move or start the car.

The chauffeur and Mrs. De Wolf were greatly puzzled and did not know what the child meant.

Then after recovering from her excitement May asked the chauffeur to go under the car and get a baby bird. The chauffeur, I am sure, would have been a Joy Giver if he could. He went under the car and handed the baby sparrow to May. May kept Buff (as she named him) in a little box on her window sill until Buff's mother found her and then Buff learned to fly. Buff went to his nest, but always comes back to May when it gets cold every year. May knows Buff, because when she first got him she tied a red ribbon to his foot.

MARIE S. LAKE Age 101/2 years New York City

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(Continued on page 724)



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I am eager to join the CHILD LII Good Citisens' League. Please send the membership pin and full information	m

Canasa and Mumba

Town and State .....

Age......School .....

#### **CUB**

CUB was born in Alaska. He was a baby seal.

It was getting toward winter and it was very cold, so the seals started to go south. Cub, his mother and father went together. That night they slept along the shore and in the morning Cub was awakened by some heavy steps. He looked down the shore a little way and saw a big black bear coming toward him. He gave a cry of alarm and crawled toward the water. His mother and father were too late, and the bear killed them both. Cub had to go south all by himself now, so he started right away.

He ran into a school of fish. He chased them around and caught some. When he had enough to eat he thought he would find a place to rest, but he found a wall of netting around him. He dived to get under it but he found the same thing at the bottom. When the men pulled the net on board they found a young seal in it.

The captain got him and took him home to his little daughter to play with. Her name was Flora, and she had a canary, a dog, and a cat. She was very glad to get a seal for a pet. She taught him to beg for food by making queer noises and to sit on his hind flappers and beat a tin can while he made a rumbling sound in his chest.

He and the little dog became friends, but the eat would not be friendly. Cub and the little dog would roll over each other and tumble about the yard.

One day when Cub was sleeping the little dog thought he would take a walk. He was smelling around underneath a fence when a big bulldog saw him, jumped over the fence and knocked the little dog over. He yelped and tried to run away but the big dog caught him.

When Cub heard his little friend he became very uneasy, and soon he was hurrying to him. When the bulldog saw the big black animal come for him, he turned to fight, but Cub had lived on land







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so long that he could use his flappers like legs, and the bulldog was soon routed.

After several years the family moved to a large city where they could not have any seals, so Cub had to go out in the ocean again. Once when he was swimming along the shore he saw two men in a boat. He was very lonesome for his master and thought he would swim to meet them. The men were scared as they had never seen a seal before. They went to shore as fast as they could but Cub followed them clear up to the cabin door. They went inside and closed the door. Cub was hungry, so he found a can of worms and ate them; then he sat on his hind flappers and pounded the tin can, while he made a lot of funny noises. The men in the cabin were frightened and hid in a dark corner. When Cub found they would not give him anything to eat, he tried to get in the cabin door, but the men inside had it bolted.

Cub lay down a while to think what he should do next. He decided that men had turned him out to get his own living, so he turned and swam away. He was going to return to Alaska where there were other seals and no men.

STANLEY HAGEN
Age 10 years Eldora, Iowa

ONCE there was a mother dog and three little puppies. The puppies' names were Carlo, Rover, and Dan. They lived on a farm in a dog house in Illinois near the banks of the Mississippi River.

One day there was a rain storm, and the river overflowed the river bank and washed away the dog house with the dogs. The mother was chained to the dog house and couldn't get away, but the puppies wouldn't go away and leave her. They were all so frightened.

Soon they saw a steamboat far away in the distance. It came and rescued them, and when the storm was over the mother and puppies found their home and lived happily ever after.

MAXINE LA BRIER
Age 8 years Elsinore, Calif.



## Our New Christmas Sewing Book

Contains full directions for making this lovely Bedfellow Doll, and many other gifts for little folks and grown-ups. Any of them can be made successfully with

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#### POSTER ART CONTEST | Dear Miss Waldo:

(Continued from page 721)

#### Winners

#### From 9 to 14 years old

FIRST PRIZE (\$25.00) TO Aileen K. Gilbert, Lawrenceburg, Ky., Age 10 years

SECOND PRIZE (\$15.00) TO Nina E. Conant, 320 Colorado Ave., Brush, Colo., Age 13 years

THIRD PRIZE (\$10.00) TO Mathilda Schirmer, 1909 Mohawk St., Chicago, Ill., Age 11 years

FOURTH PRIZE (\$8.00) TO Mary McEldowney, 155 Country Club Rd., Chicago Heights, Ill., Age 13 years

> FIFTH PRIZE (\$6.00) TO Henry Truitt, Jr., Chillicothe, Ill., Age 11 years

#### 5 PRIZES OF \$5.00 TO

- (1) Elaine Schmidt, 1024 (4) Mysic Judson, Granito 17th St., N. W., Cabton, Ohlo Age 10 years (1) Mary Janet Flackamp, 1642 Wade St., Indian (5) Margaret Bauman, apolis, ind Age 9 years (3) Clariose Howe, Princeton, N.J. Age 9 years Age 10 years Age 10 years

#### 10 PRIZES OF \$3.00 TO

- (1) Ba
- Barbara Hali, Ms. Kisso.

  N. Y. Age 9 years
  Birdelia Hill, 356 8.
  12th Rt., Ran Jose,
  Calli Age 12 years
  Helene Edith Baumgardner, 2218 N. Henderson
  Ave., Dallas, Tex.

  James Wallsee York,
  Vinland, Kan.

  O Marion Wright, 752
  Westmoreland Ava.
- (4) James Wallace York, Vinland, Kan. Age 11 years (9) Ma We Cla
  - mes Wallace York, nland Kan. Age 11 years wothy Touart, 265 bitral Ave., St. Feters-rg, Fia. Age 11 years

    Age 11 years

    (10) Betty Weber, 67 Lin-coln Rd, Hilerost, Phillipsburg, N. J. 10 PRIZES OF \$2.00 TO

- (1) Leah J Edembers. 1121 (7) Mary Kelles. 84 Durw. Pikee Peak Ave.,
  Colorado Springs, Colo.
  (5) Zoe Bartena. 2525 Ansa.
  B1, Fan-Cisco.
  (6) James Behan, Cakley,
  Louislana St., Hope,
  Ark Angel I years
  (6) Marke Ref. Revampence.
  (6) Marke Ref. Swampence.
  (7) Barbara J. Becker,

  - Anna Sudhanes, 1717 8.
    Raeine Av., Chicago,
    III Age 9 years
    Ruth Loraine Roberta,
    1714 Chestaut St.,
    Hannibal Mo. (10) Zera Jane Neal, Glen Miss. Age 11 years Thestnut St., Mo Age 14 years

#### 25 PRIZES OF \$1.00 TO

- (1) Arwilda Mudre, 911
  W. 33d. St., Kansas
  City, Mo. Age 12 years
  3) Madelyn Patten, 10
  Garden St., Melrose
  Highlands, Mass.
  Age 13 years
  (3) Julia Moore, Box 134,
  Garjand Utah.
  (16) Emily Chaes, 37 Lin-
- Age 13 years

  (3) Julia Moore, Box 184,
  Gariand, Utahal years
  (4) Mary Louise Kell,
  5541 Chamberian Avo.
  8t. Louis, Mo.
  (5) Evelyn Le Grande
  Brown, 805 W. Padon
  Ave., blackwell, Okia,
  Age 11 years
  (6) Martha Age
  (7) Years
  (8) Martha Age
  (8) Martha Age
  (9) Age

  Age
  (1) Years

  Age
  (1) Years

  Age
  (1) Years

  Age
  (1) Years

- artha Lamoreaua, ibella, Tenn. Age 11 years irbara Boeringer, 36 5th 8t., 8t. Paul, inn. Age 9 years stry Clarke, 201 Bos-tt St., New Britain.

- Ohio Virginia ards, 20

- Emily Chase, 37 Lin-coln Ave., Piedmont, Calif. Age 11 years
- Calif. Age 11 years
  (17) Kathleen Owens,
  Grade Four, Artmore,
  Ala Age 10 years
  (18) Helen Huits, 602 6th
  Ave., Sterling, Ill.
  Age 13 years
- Henry James Lemn mann, 145 Ster Ave., Yonkers, N. (21) Phoebe Laura Weaver, 2116 Ave. D., Scotts-bluff, Neb.
- Age 9 years
- (24) Jane Los

| ENJOY CHILD LIFE very much. I read some of the stories to my little sister, Marjorie, who is two and a half years old. I am writing a little poem about her, and here is a little picture of Marjorie and me.

#### AT NIGHT

AT NIGHT when I have gone to

I look at all the stars above And think how nice it is to have A little sister whom I love.

DOROTHY JEWELL MAIN Cleveland, Ohio Age o years



DOROTHY AND MARIORIE MAIN

#### Dear CHILD LIFE:

I JUST love CHILD LIFE and I can hardly wait for it every month. My father is the superintendent of a children's home two and a half miles from Meadville. There are 70 children altogether in the home and you can imagine the fun I have with the girls.

Every month when I get CHILD LIFE, I take it over to the home to read to the little girls. I think that CHILD LIFE is one of the nicest children's magazines that I ever saw. I just love to look at all of the pretty drawings. My aunt Sallie is an artist. She lives over in Philadelphia. She draws some of the most beautiful things that you ever saw.

I have the nicest big Scotch Collie dog named Bingo. We have lots of fun.

I am trying to win that nice big doll by getting subscriptions to CHILD LIFE.

> Very sincerely, ELIZABETH YEANY Meadville, Pa.

#### HONOR ROLL POSTER CONTEST

Agnes Gilbert Madelin Gilbe Mary L. Casey
Mary L. Casey
George Busey Jr.
Natalle Soott
Flerson R. Pachl
Margaret R. Glover
Frances Ahlborn
Elisabeth MacMani
Ernestine Pulnels
Elisabeth MacMani
Ernestine Pulnels
Margaret Church
Emille Fermier
Marjorle Hoffman
Wanda Floren
Louise Boren
Helen David
Marjorle Hoffman
Wanda Floren
Louise Boren
Helen David
Marj Lenk
Frances Centied
Maxi Lenk
Jean Bloane
Florence Caffrey
Emily Heath
Jean Bloane
Florence Caffrey
Emily Heath
Jean Bloane
Florence Caffrey
Emily Heath
Askine Curtis
Donald Sutherland
Anne Jefferis
Nell Cardwell
Virginia Petty
Harrite Stewart
Allec Clough
Barbara Wood Rita Conroy Ruth Cheney Mary P. Martin Marie Petersen

Giffo Eiva Besemer Ann Myddelt Nat Youngble



Reduction of full-page black and white drawing by W. W. Clark

## Hurry, Hurry! He'll Be Drowned

"A TOP-BUGGY was in the bayou up to the hubs. Between the shafts lay a horse still hitched to the vehicle, but mired in the mucky water. Worse, he was down on his side, and it was only by turning his neck that he could lift his head out of the water."

The boys were horrified to see the old horse let his nose sink below the surface.

Did they save him? Could the little fellows heave the big beast to his feet? If you want to know, read The Gang Goes to Mill.

This is just one of the adventures "the gang" met in its great day's outing in the country.

Reduction of full-page black and white drawing by W. W. Clark

## THE GANG GOES TO MILL

TALK about ghosts and the spooky hour of three in the morning—just suppose you were out at such a time in a dense woods where pale moonlight made panicky shadows, and you were lost in a fog so thick it seemed like a sea.

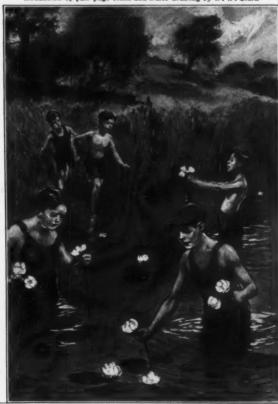
This was the experience of five little boys who went to the mill for flour. What they met and saw, the thrills and excitements of the early hours and the later day, and the surprising finish—well, a detecatif himself couldn't want more exciting times.

A colored frontispiece and four black and white drawings by W. W. Clark

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Full-page color plate, actual size, from a drawing by Hope Dunlap Robinson

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Pictures by HOPE DUNLAP ROBINSON

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